

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE event of the last week has been the total defeat of the Democrats in all the State and other elections at the North. It has been, on the whole, one of the most crushing defeats any party has ever received, but the *World* and *Albany Argus* consider it, as the rebel papers considered the fall of Fort Fisher, a "blessing in disguise."

THUS far the cholera has not spread, and the alarm inspired by the *Malanta* cases has subsided somewhat. But something is being done, and we trust the respite given us by the cold weather will be used by the Legislature to pass the Health bill.

WE reprint elsewhere an article from the London *Spectator*, commenting on the letters of our correspondent at the South. But the writer is mistaken in supposing that this is the first time that correspondence of this kind, giving a simple, unvarnished account of things seen and heard, without much comment, has been attempted in this country. Mr. F. L. Olmsted wrote a series of letters of the same kind to the *New York Times*, ten years ago, afterwards republished in a volume as the "Seaboard Slave States," in the same spirit, and with the same purpose, and as a piece of "special correspondence" it has, we think, never been equalled in any country both for truthfulness and vividness. The deduction which the *Spectator* draws from our correspondent's letters as to negro suffrage is not very clear. If it be that the negro is likely to have considerable difficulty in getting the suffrage, or that without it he is likely to be terribly kicked about, we certainly agree with it. If it be that he ought never to get it, we think such a conclusion can only be extracted from our correspondence by regarding defencelessness as a mark of permanent incapacity.

THE article on American cattle which will be found on another page, and those which will follow it on kindred subjects, will be from the pen of perhaps the best authority in this country on this class of subjects.

THE papers contained on Monday morning a long account, coming through that eminently trustworthy source, "a special despatch" from Washington, of the energetic services rendered to the rebellion by the English Consul at Havana, as despatch forwarder and, in fact, general agent. This story, like the list of the Confederate bond-holders in

England, ought to be named, as the French papers say, "*avec toutes les réserves*." The Consul at Havana, like Messrs. Delane, Sampson & Co., doubtless loved the Confederacy dearly, but he loved his place better, and it is not fair to deduce his being a fool from his being a knave. Nobody who considered all the circumstances ever believed that, if the editor of the *Times* had got part of the Confederate loan, he left it in the power of anybody to blab about it, and we cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Crawford has been forwarding despatches and money for the Confederates, he has kept his own share in the transaction a little too close for our "Washington correspondents" to be able to tell all about it. Why does not some morning paper try the experiment of publishing no despatches, however "interesting," which come from any quarter previously found untrustworthy? We have no doubt that in the long run it would pay, though at first the columns of the paper might be pronounced "heavy."

GENERAL KILPATRICK has been appointed minister to Chili. There is no braver or more deserving officer, or one more utterly unfitted for a diplomatic position. We consider the practice of rewarding either military or political services by appointments to foreign embassies, without any reference to the fitness of the appointee, to be one most potent cause of the dislike and disrepute into which the Government and its cause were found to have fallen during the late struggle. If our relations with foreign powers, or the good opinion of the civilized world, be of any consequence to us whatever, our diplomatists ought to be trained for their work. We have luckily had first-rate men in several of the prominent positions since 1860, but it was more by accident than design. In utter want of diplomatic capacity, it would be difficult to find anybody surpassing General Kilpatrick, unless it be Cassius Clay. The general deserves honor and reward, but not the ministership either in Chili or any other place worth a minister. And what makes the matter worse is, that he goes there at the outbreak of a war in which we shall fill the delicate position of a neutral.

A MAJOR BARNES (Federal) in Mississippi has been making a speech to the negroes in which, it is said, he informed them truly, but perhaps injudiciously, that they "had a right to protect themselves at the click of the pistol and point of the bayonet." This speech is considered "incendiary" by the *Jackson News*, which openly recommends a resort to Lynch law, in the old style, for the purpose of driving out of the State every Northerner who instigates the blacks to "incendiarism." The editor adds, "We must keep the ex-slave in a position of inferiority. We must pass such laws as will make him feel his inferiority." To force negro suffrage on such doves as these would clearly be an atrocious outrage.

WE believe Mr. Seward is abundantly satisfied with Lord Russell's decision in the Alabama case, as the precedent it establishes will furnish a far more potential means of revenge than war ever could. But it is still very doubtful whether the English public, whatever Lord Russell may say, will be satisfied to let the matter lie as it now is.

A DEMOCRATIC club, intended, we presume, to be an offset to the Union League Club, has been established in this city. It is to be a close corporation—the board of management being armed with full powers, including that of filling up its own vacancies. Clubs ostensibly, and to a certain extent really, formed for social purposes, are evidently destined to play a very influential part in our politics hereafter, as they have done in England. But they will never be a thorough success until they supply more conveniences for less money.

A LARGE number of Baltimore ladies have petitioned the President for Jefferson Davis's pardon. The petition is a curious document, and draws its most prominent argument for mercy, as have other petitions from the South, from Mr. Davis's own sufferings, and those of his wife and family. The "sunniness" of the South is also much relied on in these appeals, as if there would not be much to be said for the poor fellow if he came from a rainy or foggy district.

THE enquiry into the "accident" on board the *St. John*, in the Hudson River, has ended in the usual way. Like most other human events the catastrophe was due to a combination of causes. Nobody was to blame, but if anybody was to blame, the jury hopes he will be more careful another time.

ANY reader of the *World*, during the late canvass, might, judging from the amount of space it devoted to the discussion of the question, have fairly concluded that the issue really was whether General Slocum was or was not "a cotton thief." The result of the election has hardly been calculated to satisfy the general with this mode of advocating his claims to office.

A RALEIGH newspaper points out an error in our Southern correspondent's letter (No. 15) concerning the North Carolina Convention. It was said, in explanation of the absence of the Hon. George E. Badger, that he "is now an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum." He is, on the contrary, at his own residence in Raleigh, and is afflicted, not with insanity, but with partial paralysis. His intellect is untouched. Our correspondent was, of course, misinformed.

ACCORDING to the *Washington Republican*, Chief-Justice Chase refuses to sit in Richmond for the trial of Jefferson Davis because that district is under martial law, and it would not, he thinks, be proper or becoming to open the civil courts subject to the permission express or implied of the military authorities. This objection, however, seems just as applicable to Washington as Richmond.

It is rather late to speak of the release of John Mitchel, which was never an event of great import, and has now, no doubt, passed out of a public mind filled with thoughts of cholera. But we think the reasons given by the President for letting Mitchel go are too remarkable to be slighted in any notice of public events. The Fenians, who demanded Mitchel's release, said winningly that while they could never forget that he had risked all a patriot should for Ireland, they remembered nothing of his American career; and Mr. Johnson sweetly responded with a compliment to the delicacy of this observation, adding that he yielded to their prayer as a mark of respect for the large number of Irishmen who sympathized with Mitchel in his rebellion against the English Government rather than in his disloyalty to ours. We like the neatness and naïveté of this, and find it of a piece with the little wisdom by which the world is governed: A man has attempted to cut your throat, but you forgive him at the request of friends who ignore the offence against your own life, but who have a proud remembrance of the assassin's greatness in setting your neighbor's house on fire.

WIRTZ was, it appears by the finding of the court-martial, convicted of "conspiring and confederating" with Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, and others, to do what he did at Andersonville. Now, when a subordinate "conspires and confederates" with his superior, the superior is certainly the principal in the crime. Davis was President of the Confederate States, and Seddon the Secretary of War, and if they connived even at Wirtz's offence, and yet are sent about their business, we do not see that much of injustice will be done, but certainly Wirtz's case will seem rather a hard one. However, we are bound to say that the evidence in support of Davis's or Seddon's moral complicity with his crime produced so far, has been remarkably scanty, and if there is nothing more conclusive forthcoming, we shall all wish heartily that the Government had not committed itself so fully to the support of the charges against them by its procla-

mations. We say this on its account, certainly not on theirs. We learn, moreover, that Dr. Lieber's researches in the captured "archives" at Washington have resulted in just nothing. The "archives" are a mass of rubbish, and may be handed over to the paper-makers any day.

MR. EDWARD A. POLLARD, "of Virginia," as it is his sovereign pleasure to subscribe himself, advises the people of the South of his intention "to write a full and complete history of the war of the Confederates in America." His qualifications for this ambitious task are the fact that his "*Annals of the War*," first published in Richmond, were reprinted in London and New York, and that in his capacity of a rebel editor in the first-named city he was "trained to the best sources of information in the Confederacy"—whatever that may mean. Mr. Pollard's motive is not concealed. He will endeavor to justify Davis's treason, Floyd's thefts, Ruffin's shot at Sumter, Wirtz at Andersonville, Forrest at Fort Pillow, Kennedy among the New York hotels, Blackburn's yellow-fever dispensation, Booth's butchery, and all other acts which the North will employ "to hand the Confederates down to posterity as savages and assassins." In short, he means "to rescue the lost cause of the Confederacy from defamation, and to enlighten and erect again the name of his peculiar country in the eyes of the world." The peculiarity of the country to which he refers, like that of a certain institution which made it notorious, consists, we suppose, in its non-existence.

A CLERGYMAN of St. Louis has been visiting the prisons of that city, and reveals a shocking disregard of health and morals in their present condition. The calaboose is underground, and differs from the stable which it once was only in containing human beings instead of horses. It is dark and noisome, flagged with rough stone, through or over which waste water from the hydrants is constantly passing, and dripping from above with the filthy leakage of neighboring vaults. Each cage is twelve feet square by nine high, and often contains a dozen inmates, only half of whom find refuge from the damp on a rude bench about the sides. Sex is the only distinction made in confining prisoners together. The city work-house, being out of the city, is a less infamous place than the calaboose, but is likewise deficient in ventilation and classification. "The county jail has been regularly reported as a nuisance, once in every two months, by every grand jury for the last ten years." Its prisoners are packed so closely that each one is scarcely allowed more air, not subject to renewal, than if he were kept, says Dr. Eliot, in a hogshod or the box of a grand piano.

WIRTZ has furnished somebody with an account of his life which has been published. From it he appears to have been an exemplary physician of retiring disposition, and afflicted with a conscience too sensitive for this rough and somewhat unscrupulous world. He was entrusted with the charge of prisoners owing to Winder's accidental discovery of his merits. The misfortunes which followed he ascribes partly to bad luck, and partly to the perjury of his enemies, whom he is said to intend to haunt after his death. That mode of revenge has, however, lost all its terrors now-a-days, as people are used to spirits.

It has been well remarked that our Government securities before the close of the rebellion fluctuated alike in the domestic and foreign markets according to the varying successes of our arms. Now, however, the London and Frankfort quotations are affected by considerations of our national policy, especially where Europe is involved. Thus the Monroe doctrine as applicable to Mexico is a permanent element of disturbance, and a rumor of war with France, no matter how unfounded or unfathered, sends fire-twenties down as quickly as a hurricane the barometer. These panics, of which we Americans can generally have no warning whatever, are certainly an inconvenient consequence of foreign confidence in our permanence as a nation.

THERE is a wonderful story afloat of the attempt of Wirtz's wife to furnish him, *osculando*, with a strychnine pill, frustrated, however, by a vigorous dash at his throat on the part of General Baker.

THERE has been a smart and partially successful attack made on Matamoras by the Liberals, led on, according to one account, by seventy Americans. It was repulsed after two hours' fighting. The "imperial" account of the affair is a model of "imperial" writing. The "outlaws" treacherously surprise the regulars, are momentarily successful, but are speedily routed, and "flee" in the most cowardly manner amidst the execrations of the inhabitants, etc.

THERE is little news from England by this mail. Lord Palmerston has been buried in Westminster Abbey, and Lord Russell, to the ill-concealed disgust of a large body of his supporters, is to be his successor. But the general impression seems to be that he is but a stop-gap, and that, at his age, another change must speedily occur. He is the last of the great Whig statesmen who have, except at short intervals, ruled England ever since 1688.

THE "ultimatum" which the London *Times* announced as having been sent to France by Mr. Seward, dwindles down in the columns of that same journal to a friendly remonstrance against the despatch of troops to Mexico.

THE reason has been ascertained why the Social Science Congress sat at Sheffield, England, last month. There are social abuses there which need correction, and which have received ventilation—the first step toward correction. Public attention has been roused to the employment of children in the factories and furnaces, and it is found that it is a common thing for them to be put to work at the age of nine, and even eight years, and tasked for ten, twelve, or thirteen hours daily. "One large house in the crinoline trade had a staff of children working night after night, dining at midnight instead of mid-day, where they could; they were turned into the street, and no one had the slightest control over these children while they were away from these works at midnight." Such practices, as the London *Times* very justly remarks, are "a crime almost amounting to manslaughter."

EVEN the Zoölogical Gardens have been invaded by the cattle plague now ravaging England. Three noble specimens of Italian cattle, the gift of Victor Emmanuel, and two bison, have already perished.

DR. LIVINGSTONE had reached Bombay, intending to make preparations there for his new expedition into Africa, in which he will explore the water-courses of the continent northward from the Zambesi. He expected to set out at the close of last month.

THE King of Württemberg has issued an order scolding his officers for want of respect. He says they do not salute him with proper concert of movement in the theatre. They should all rise together when he enters. He complains, too, that the guard does not "turn out" for him with the necessary rapidity, and in order that all sentinels may know him when they see him, every guard-house is to be provided with an "exact photograph of him at the expense of the regiment." To prevent mistakes, also, every sentinel is to salute every court carriage, but to be careful not to give a royal salute to any but princes in "the direct line," unless accompanied by princesses in the direct line. When he was a student at the university, attending the lectures of Ranke, the historian, he had a private box constructed for himself and his aide-de-camp, so that he might not be contaminated by contact with the common herd on the benches. But the students, to their honor, would not stand it, and refused to allow the lecturer to be heard till the aristocratic abomination was removed, as it was. Middle-aged Germans are more patient.

WHILE all the doctors in France are pressing forward with specifics for the cholera, M. le Curé d'Elbeuf-en-Bray has thought to turn an honest sou in offering to pious acceptance the image of the Blessed Virgin. M. le Curé says very justly that we are in the cycle of the Immaculate Conception, and begs good Christians to do as their fathers would have done: to pray to the Virgin, and to wear her image on their stomachs. M. le Curé has a church which needs repair, and he has published the

offer of the image in question, with a list of tempting advantages in masses, for those who shall contribute something in return. Give and pray, says M. le Curé d'Elbeuf-en-Bray; and the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* likens his reverence to those who made a mart of the temple.

THE loss of her daughter has been so heavy a grief to Madame de Girardin that she has resolved to withdraw from all the familiar objects which could remind her of her bereavement. Consequently, the beautiful new house of M. de Girardin, one of the most elegant in Paris, is to be sold, with all the furniture and works of art now in it.

ONE of the editors of the *Constitutionnel* has bought the little place called Mont-Louis, to which Rousseau retired after his quarrel with Madame Lépenay. He wrote "Emile" in this house, and his cabinet and table are still preserved there.

ON the 15th of August three hundred tons of coal were floated through the temporary Suez Canal. Still more recently a load of coffees, gums, etc., was also transported by the same means direct from the Red Sea to the Levant.

AT a Parisian theatre, lately, when they were to give a pleasant piece, called "Supplice d'un Homme," the principal actress was seized with illness, and could not appear. Another offered to replace her; but the audience, with a ferocious tint from the drama, cried: "Madame Thierret or death!" The ingenious manager suggested the compromise of returning the spectators' money, which they accepted with enthusiasm.

THEY have lately erected in the village of Monthard, where Buffon was born, a bronze statue of the great naturalist. The statue is by Dumont, of the Institute, and represents Buffon in the costume of the court of Louis XV.

THE attitude which Austria, jointly with Prussia, has assumed toward the minor German States, in the note lately dispatched to the Senate at Frankfort, is one that attracts an attention different from the speculative regard with which we view her experiments with subject nationalities. In this note the two great Powers demanded of the Senate the prevention of certain reunions of the federal deputies, in which sentiments of hostility to Austria and Prussia were expressed, and threatened an armed interference if the Senate refused to obey. According to the latest news, the Senate has refused, very peremptorily, to obey, and it now remains to be seen whether the machinery of the German Confederation, so efficient for mischief, can be made to work for the protection of a weak German Power against the oppressive insolence of two strong German Powers.

A DISCOVERY, most valuable to literature, has been made by a German writer, who has found in the family archives at Baireuth twenty-five authentic letters of Voltaire, addressed to the Margravine of Baireuth. The letters are presently to be published (with a commentary, of course) in Prussia and France. In the latter country the great literary expectation was the new volume of poems by Victor Hugo, to have been published the 23d of October. It is called "The Songs of the Streets and Woods," and is a book, says some prophetic gossip, of lively and familiar odes, such as streets and woods might sing, and pitched, not to the grave and lofty note of Juvenal or Dante, but rather to that of Horace and Anacreon.

ACCORDING to English correspondence (which is not always to be trusted, as we have reason to know) Russia is treating the Poles with such rigor that it is impossible for them to remain under the government of their conquerors without renouncing country, language, and religion. Catholic churches are destroyed, and parents are fined heavily for baptizing their children in the Latin faith. A fine is also imposed for the possession of Polish books, and the Poles complain bitterly of the removal of their national libraries to St. Petersburg. 300,000 volumes

and a magnificent collection of manuscripts were sent from the Zulaski Library, and the business was entrusted to those ardent bibliophiles, the Cossacks, who neatly cut the books to fit the boxes prepared for packing them.

IN Russia the first warning (*avertissement*) under the new law regulating the press has been given to the *Gazette de Saint-Petersbourg*, which had published an article denying the Government's right to alienate the public lands, and declaring that these should be held as a guaranty for the redemption of the paper money of the state. The article was thought injurious to the public credit, and the paper was warned: an action which produced a painful impression among those friends of reform who had hoped that a real liberty was to be given the press, and that the *avertissement* would not be employed. But the very first discussion of a public question has provoked the admonition. Meantime, the Emperor's minister of war is studying a reform of great importance, by which the term of military service shall be virtually reduced from twenty-five to seven years. A certain number of men, who have been seven years in the army, are to be annually dismissed, but to remain at the disposal of the Government for eight years longer, after which they are absolutely discharged.

THE cordial relations between Russia and Italy have lately suffered some change, through an indiscretion of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale d'Italia*. Certain Italians, who had taken part in the Polish revolution, were sent to Siberia, but Prince Gortchakoff informed the Italian envoys that they would receive a pardon from the Emperor. The *Gazzetta Ufficiale* made haste to acquaint the public with this gratifying intelligence; and now Gortchakoff feigns to see a grave indelicacy in the publication which the Italian Government has permitted, and has informed its ambassador that Russia feels absolved from her promise of clemency toward the Italians in Siberia. The logic is striking, but will scarcely satisfy its victims, we imagine.

As for the removal of the French troops from the States of the Church, it creates in the country bordering on Italy a dismay as great as the satisfaction it gives in the capital. In Rome it is not desirable to have a strong military force, but in the provinces the condition of the people, abandoned to brigandage, with only the slender protection of the Papal troops, will be pitiable. It is well known how the brigands have constantly retreated from the Italian soldiers into the territories of the Pope, where they have always found succor and encouragement. But now Italy intends to strengthen all her posts on the border, so as to make incursions into the kingdom impossible, and it seems likely that brigandage will be forced to prey upon the dominions of the Church, which has so long and tenderly fostered it. Some detachments of Papal troops have been moved toward the frontier, but no confidence is felt in them, and the wealthier inhabitants of the border are deserting their country-seats.

ONE of the plans proposed for the destruction of brigandage in Naples is immigration—population of the infected districts with overwhelming numbers of honest and diligent colonists from other parts of Italy. Would it not be curious if this scheme should take effect through the existence of petroleum in hills that have heretofore teemed only with banditti? A Lombard chemist professes to have found a quality of the famous oil, superior even to our own, in the Abruzzi, and we shall no doubt hear soon of countless stock companies in Milan for working the new source of wealth and civilization. In the meantime, we commend to the Italians who shall go to the Abruzzi to seek the "*subiti guadagni*," and build the sudden cities of their oil regions, a translation of the graceful nomenclature of our oil regions. Villa di Tito, Cittadolio, Buca del Pozzo, would be pleasant and musical names for the future towns of the oil-bearing Abruzzi.

WHILE a Lombard chemist has made this discovery in Naples, some one has found out the swindle of a statue of St. Mary Magdalena in Milan. This effigy wept when infidels and heretics came into its pres-

ence, and had a pious popularity. It was made of *terra cotta*, and was filled with water, which, being heated below, produced the steam that fell in affecting drops from the eyes of the saint. One thinks with horror of the chance of once heating the water too much, and of causing the saint to explode like a boiler.

BUT these wicked and shameful shams are growing to be obsolete in Italy, and in a little time it will be difficult to find there a winking Madonna or a crying Bambino. The evacuation of the monasteries has already begun, and early in October one of the oldest of these passed into the possession of the secular authorities. It is that of San-Domenico Maggiore at Naples, in which St. Thomas Aquinas lived and lectured in 1272, and the crucifix is still there which addressed the saint: "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas; what reward hast thou received therefor?" provoking the response, "Nothing but thee, Lord." The *Indépendance Belge*, which reports the evacuation of the monastery, says that the crucifix was quite mute in the presence of the municipal officers, and did not pronounce the smallest anathema against our perverse age.

ITALY is about to send a frigate to Japan as a preliminary to commercial relations with that empire. That which interests us more is the fact, now fixed, that she is to send Ristori to us next autumn, with an Italian company. The contract with the impresario Grau has been made, and we may look for the famous actress in October, 1866.

AT the Central Park on Wednesday of last week a middle-aged member of the medical profession, with a taste for geology and notoriety, was good enough to entertain the idle vulgarity of this city with a spectacle of which it is curious to read. It is not, perhaps, strange that a widower of mature years, and the father of a family of grown sons and daughters, should wish to marry a young lady of beauty and accomplishments; but we find it rather odd, even in America, where we are accustomed to baby-shows, that he should wish to make a public exhibition of his happiness, should suffer the proposed amusement to be heralded in the newspapers, and should on a certain day furnish sport to the multitude assembled to see his bridal party go up in a balloon. A bridal car had long been in a state of gorgeous preparation, and on the day of the ascent Professor Lowe's well-known amphitheatre was decked with garlands of evergreen and flowers; a floral arch spanned the pathway leading to the balloon, and young maidens, habited in robes of white and silver, strewed blossoms under the feet of the advancing pair, of whom the reporters give elaborate biographies. When the party entered the bridal car, however, it was found that the balloon had not strength enough to float so much folly, and the number of excursionists was reduced to four. Then the balloon went up, and at a certain altitude the bride and groom signed a matrimonial compact, as creditable to our literature as their whole proceeding is to our society:

"Sacred compact of holy matrimony, solemnized above the clouds, floating in mid air, and in accordance with the laws of the Empire State, this 8th day of November, A.D. 1865.

"Presenting ourselves fully impressed with the sublime presence of God and the joyous spiritual beings of his creation, heartily approving heaven's highest vouchsafed happiness, the blessed union of two souls in purity and glowing love emanating from the eternal fountain of truth and wisdom, hence deriving some primitive conception of the magnitude of Deity inspired unceasing humanity, and endowed with powers and attributes evermore approximating divinity, with assurances that uninterrupted progress remains dependent upon genial social relations, and possessing the approving sanction of cherished friends—

"We, the contracting parties, John F. Boynton, M.D., of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mary West Jenkins, of St. Louis, Mo., do now, henceforth evermore, give and devote ourselves, each unto the other, in holy wedlock, and we solemnly and unreservedly avow and promise that we will love, honor, and cherish each other as husband and wife during our whole existence, and, in the expressive language of Holy Writ, we hopefully pray—'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

As the clergyman who united these two people in marriage at their hotel denies any complicity with their desire for notoriety, we indulge the belief that the language of the ceremonial, hardly less remarkable

than that of this compact, was also an emanation from the bridegroom's brain. The newspapers give it, with the prayer, in full; and abound, of course, in minute and impudent descriptions of the dresses and looks of the whole bridal party. Indeed, the occasion offered rare scope to the peculiar powers of New York reporting, and the accomplished gentlemen of the press have indulged in every luxury of witless invention and brutal drollery concerning it.

It is certainly possible that the subjects of this notoriety did not seek it all, though they provoked it, and the celebrity they have achieved may be owing in part to the ingenious management of Prof. Lowe, whom we compliment on having achieved the standing of master-mountebank. The exhibition had the charm of novelty, and yet we hope it was not altogether pleasant to the hero and heroine. We trust that, under the leering regard of all those spectators, the bridegroom felt a little honest shame, and repented of challenging for his wife the sort of jest and comment which must have passed round the crowd. Nay, since Dr. Boynton makes his family affairs so public, may we beg to know what his son and his daughters thought at the time of the father's bridal tour in a balloon? We wonder if the bride will care to preserve for her children's gratification the history of her exploit, so gracefully given in the daily papers?

Marriage was once supposed to have some claim to dignity and decency in its celebration; but if it has not, if it is merely part of a public show, why should not the next bridal party go down in a diving-bell or be passed through a pneumatic tube?

A PAUSE in the succession of the crimes which were of almost daily event in the earlier autumn gives a vivid and painful interest to the horror recently reported from Hartford. There an old citizen, who had held trusts of great importance, and was valued for many public and private virtues, yielding to an impulse of insanity, cut his wife's throat, and then made an attempt upon his own life. The deed has nothing of the guilt of murder; yet there is something so appalling in all its circumstances as to give it the cruel fascination belonging to the assassinations which De Quincey has celebrated.

It would be hard, indeed, to conceive of a tragedy more terrible than it was: terrible in its bloody dénouement, but infinitely more terrible for the lurking madness that wrought it out. Modern science has taught us to feel due pity for the miserable being on whom insanity steals, and it is known to those who care to read of such matters, that the victim of madness is usually aware of its approach, and maintains a long and secret struggle against its dominion, while to the indifferent regard he seems taciturn and depressed. His own physician may fail to note these symptoms, or may refer them to other causes; and none but those with whom he is in the closest intimacy are able to connect these appearances with other reasons—quite as subtle and intangible—for alarm.

In the case of Mr. Greene, of Hartford, his wife alone seems to have felt anxiety concerning his state. He had lost a daughter, greatly beloved, more than a year ago, and his grief had subsided into a despondent melancholy, in which he was known to say and do things expressive of a hypochondriac fear of poverty. But up to the very evening of the violent possession to which he surrendered himself, it had not been thought that his reason was unsettled.

The history of his lunacy, like the wild purpose of his deed, lies lost in the confusion of his disordered brain; and one can only think with profound compassion of the long strife of the maniac with his besetting demon before he responded to its awful bidding, and of the long fear and agony that must have gone before her death in the victim. She was the madman's wife, and her keen perception had discerned the signals of a presence to which she could oppose nothing but vain hope and a reluctance of belief. On her and on him a burden and bond of concealment rested; and there is now no clue to the anguish which she had doubtless suffered, except her words to those who arrived too late to save her: "My husband has killed me; *I was afraid to be alone with him!*" a revelation of infinite meaning and pathos. "Oh, you will not find him," she said to those that asked for him, as if the cunning of his insanity had become familiar to her; and in a few moments more, before the madman was found in his room, with wounds

inflicted on his own throat, she expired. It seems that she sat reading at the table in the centre of the room, and that the maniac stole behind her, and gave the stroke before she was aware of his presence. A copy of the "Knightly Soldier" lay opened face downwards on the table, as if she had turned the book mechanically over in her terror, and its covers were stained with blood.

So ended the long tacit tragedy, breaking at last into palpable and horrible event. The apparent fatality of the violence paralyzes. It does not seem that it could have been averted by human agency, known as its source was only to its victims, and with this knowledge instinctively hidden by them even from one another. Yet it is strange that science, which, from the prevalence of insanity in our time, has won a subtle and profound comprehension of its character and mysteries, should have been as helpless to prevent a calamity like this as it would have been in days when maniacs were chained and beaten, and their violence was regarded, not as a development of an existing disorder, but as the first symptom of madness. It is admitted that diseases of the brain multiply with frightful rapidity under the stress of our high-pressure civilization, in which man's intellect is goaded to excessive activity by excitements and rivalries; but while medicine makes wise and humane provision for the treatment of the insane, slight regard seems to be given to those cases in which the awful malady has not violently declared itself. There are various reasons for this: the cunning which accompanies insanity prompts its victim to skilful concealment of its symptoms; friends are loath to credit the terrible visitation, and even when they can no longer doubt, are loath to acknowledge it by appeals for aid; physicians cannot always treat melancholy in their patients as incipient madness, and there is no commission before which low-spirited people can be tried for lunacy. But in spite of all this, it seems to us that in a case like that of Mr. Greene, enough was manifest to justify at least a surveillance of his actions, and it is hard to understand how the learning of modern medicine failed of practical effect under circumstances which had attracted the careless notice of mere acquaintance. Here the prompt and frank agency of the physician seemed to be imperatively called for, and due consideration of the invalid's symptoms might have saved a mind from ruin, a human being from death, and a family from desolation.

THE FREEDMEN.

THERE is little to report from the Bureau at Washington. Several of the assistant commissioners, including Gens. Fisk and Swayne, are here at the North, engaged in enlightening the public in regard to the actual condition of the South, and in obtaining succor for the poor of that section. Gen. Howard reached Fernandina, Florida, on the 27th of October, and in the evening addressed the colored people in one of the churches. His speech was marked with simplicity, directness, and sound instruction, and was not inappropriately followed by the singing of "Good News from a Far-off Land"—an original negro melody. Miss Merrick's orphan asylum was also visited by the general. On the 29th he arrived at Tallahassee, and on the 31st set out for Mobile.

—It is said the Louisiana planters have found it profitable to pay their hands according to the amount of cotton picked per diem.

—Gen. E. M. Gregory, the assistant commissioner for Texas, is warmly spoken of as a capable and upright official, whose personal influence on the freedmen is already perceptible. The notion which prevails among them, however, that there will be a general division among them of their masters' lands at Christmas-time, has inspired the white population with genuine fears of an uprising during the holidays. As it is, a collision is even now threatened, which the withdrawal of our troops would be certain to precipitate. Not only an attempt at re-enslavement, but at depriving the freedmen of a portion of their rights, would suffice to bring on hostilities. "This country," writes a correspondent, "appears to me to have more in common with the Empire of Mexico than with the United States."

—A letter from Southern Arkansas ascribes to the white population there a very unenviable character, in which laziness, ignorance, and conceit are combined with a remarkable adaptation for abusing negroes and stealing cotton and horses. The region being sparsely settled, it is impossible for the Bureau to control all parts of it, and slavery is only nominally abolished. The Freedmen's Farm, at Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas River, is prosperous under the charge of Capt. Mallory, who expects to raise at least 500 lbs. of cotton to the acre. The freedmen work well and steadily.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE DEMOCRATIC COLLAPSE.

THE result of the elections of last week will be, it may be fairly conjectured, to extinguish what there was left of life in the Democratic party. Whatever hopes the managers may have had of prolonging its existence have doubtless died out since the defection of New Jersey. Its defeat in that State is to it what the "collapse" is in cholera, an unmistakable symptom of impending and inevitable dissolution. Until the occurrence of that untoward event, there was hope even from such mustard-plasters as Governor Seymour's speeches, or such tickling of the soles of the feet as Mr. John Van Buren's jokes. But since New Jersey has given way, of course all the doctors have put up their nostrums and gone home, sadder and, we hope, wiser men. There is now little left to be done but to prepare for the decent interment of the old and once powerful and respected organization.

This sorrowful event can, however, hardly be said to have taken anybody by surprise—probably the chiefs less than anybody else. The symptoms of the malady which on Tuesday last terminated fatally showed themselves long ago, and the history of the party for the last ten years has been little better than a study in pathology. Such susceptibility to morbid influences was probably never before witnessed in a political organization. There has hardly a single question come up during the last ten years on which it has not taken ground which the country ultimately not simply repudiated as impolitic or inexpedient, but stigmatized as repugnant to its moral sense.

Not that there is anything very wonderful in party managers taking no note of the moral bearings of the measures they support, but the Democratic leaders have exhibited what they and men of their stamp consider far more discreditable than want of goodness, and that is want of skill in their own calling. The whole art of a successful politician in a free country consists in finding out either what the public is likely to do if left to itself, or what he is likely to be able to persuade it to do, and yet in this art the leaders of the Democratic party, with all their long experience, have shown themselves fatally deficient. We hear a great deal of late of the blunders into which the *London Times*, the *Saturday Review*, Lord Russell, and Mr. James Spence fell with regard to the course the American people were likely to take upon the various great questions which have agitated the country during the last four years; but their worst mistakes have, considering that they are foreigners who never set foot in the country, been trifling compared to those committed by the Seymours, Pendletons, Pierces, Vallandighams, and Curtises. We have no hesitation in saying, too, that the worst attacks on our national character which have appeared in foreign journals during the past four years, have not covered half so much really biting insult, so much deep contempt for it, as popped out from almost every step taken by the Democrats in opposition to the Government during the war, or in opposition to the anti-slavery agitation which preceded it. Almost every argument used by them in deprecation of the anti-slavery movement was drawn from the supposed indifference of the people to everything but material interests. To everything that was said, or could be said, of the moral or political evils of the growth of slavery, they had but one reply, and that was that to meddle with it would cause the loss of Southern custom. Whenever, too, they sought to present the possible dissolution of the Union in darkest colors, its probable effect in destroying trade was the consideration which they always put most prominently in the foreground.

In their efforts, also, to put a stop to the war, they relied almost exclusively upon appeals to the very basest and most selfish motives, fear, love of ease, love of money, and local jealousy, and they did so with a confidence which proved what a very low estimate they had of their audience. They did their best to ruin the Government credit by talking of repudiation as a thing sure to happen. They laughed at the

notion that the American people would ever be such fools as to pay such a debt, even if they were able to do so. And they were not restrained even by personal pride from soliciting foreign interference, and trying to impress foreign governments with the belief that nothing else could save the country from ruin. When we condemn Louis Napoleon for taking advantage of our perplexity to invade Mexico, it will hardly do to forget what passed between the Democratic leaders and Lord Lyons in this city in the fall of 1862.

The moral of the history of the party is very plain and simple. It teaches, in the most unmistakable manner, that lesson which of all others politicians are apt to be most unwilling to learn, and that is, that nothing succeeds in the long run in America but principle. The plan of governing by arrangements, compromises, fictions, concealments, and so forth, has been tried for ages in Europe, and has there succeeded fairly. Social and political devices based on great wrongs, and setting moral laws at defiance, have, for reasons too numerous to specify here, achieved a considerable degree of success. But the two conditions which more than all others have contributed to their success—popular ignorance and submissiveness, and the force of tradition—are here totally wanting, and the Democratic party has come to grief simply because the leaders refused to recognize this difference. With all their abuse of Europe, and professions of exemption from its influence and from the yoke of its ideas, and loud proclamations of democratic feeling, the Seymours, Vallandighams, and Pendletons are European politicians, and measure the public by the European standard, and argue from European data, and have the European opinion of the popular sagacity and conscience. It has taken them a long while to find out their mistake, but we presume they have found it out.

These recent defeats are but illustrations of the truth that in our politics not only is honesty the best policy, but that it is difficult, if not impossible, for any public man to rate too highly the class of motives by which our public is actuated. In other words, he is pretty sure to come out best in the end who acts as if the people, instead of being selfish, timid, parsimonious, despisers of ideas, or, as it is the fashion to call them, "isms," were chivalrous, open-handed admirers not of what seems likely to pay best, but of what, in their very best moods, they think most nearly right, in the highest sense of the word.

One effect of the result of the elections will undoubtedly be to give greater elucidity to Mr. Johnson's ideas of what the North requires as a settlement. This is all the more important, because we think the events of each day make it clearer and clearer that he means to do right, and that his aberrations from the straight road, whether real or apparent, are due rather to dimness of mental vision than to a love of crooked ways. The dislike of the loyal States to half-way measures might, perhaps, have been revealed more strongly, but still it has been revealed. The vote of last Tuesday was a solemn confirmation, as solemn as could well be uttered, of all that has been uttered and done for truth, and freedom, and justice during the last four years. All that is to be feared now, it is plain, is too great credulity, too great disposition to rely upon professions and fine words, where written contracts or formal enactments can furnish the only security.

As to the Democrats themselves, we do not flatter ourselves, and we do not advise the public to do so, that we have got rid of them. Where change has become, as it has here, what might be almost called the animating principle of our political system, we are not likely to have, as in older countries, anything which can be fairly called a "Conservative" party, and the Democracy cannot be converted into such a party. The two great divisions of our political world will consist hereafter, not exactly of the knaves and of the honest men, but of those who think the great laws of morality are good political guides, and those who think they are for political purposes of little or no consequence. To this latter party, under whatever name it may be called, or for whatever purpose it may be organized, the debris of the Democratic party is sure to belong. We may rely upon it that wherever we can see a body of men rallying round an abuse with a fair chance of defending it successfully, Mr. George T. Curtis and Mr. Horatio Seymour and their associates will be found in the midst of them, with their hands under their coat-tails, showing that to touch it would break up the framework of society.

That the Democratic party was not simply the pro-slavery party, but the party of rascality and corruption, has, in fact, been thoroughly proved by the strenuous opposition it has always offered in this city to the work of municipal reform.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

AN article which appeared in THE NATION on this subject three weeks ago has called forth some comment from one or two journals, which evidently consider that nobody can be a real friend of the working classes who presumes to differ with them as to the best mode of improving their condition. In the article referred to we endeavored to show, not that it was not highly desirable that working-men should have more leisure for the cultivation of their minds and the enjoyment of social intercourse, but that more leisure was not to be secured by such legislation as they now seek, with such injury to their purely material interests as would deprive their leisure of all value. The answer we get to this is abuse of political economy as the "dismal science," so called by Carlyle, one of the worst enemies of the laborer that has ever put pen to paper, and accusations of "hard-heartedness." Amongst others which have reached us is the following letter:

MR. EDITOR: In my younger days I had to earn a living as a mechanic, and worked hard in manufacturing villages in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I reside now in a village where there are woollen, cotton, paper, iron, and other mills; but my income tax paid to the United States collector last summer (assessed on invested property) was over \$100. These facts may show that I know by experience the wants of working people, and am not an agrarian in any sense of the word. We have several churches, and grog-shops by the dozen, but no academy, library, lyceum, lectures, nor any organized recreations (except billiards), and the common school is not graded.

In a late number of THE NATION I read an article on "the eight-hour movement" which seems to me (studying moral economy as well as political) about as much to the purpose as a treatise on the steam-engine might be. This communication is intended to stir up some one of your set who can conceive of the need that laboring people feel (or ought to feel) of time for recreation and mental culture, and who can write an article that may be suitable for your columns.

At the period of my life when I worked hard, I had a relative who one day enquired about my opportunities for mental improvement. She suggested that I could spend my evenings profitably in reading. I asked if she could take a book after a hard day's work or play (such as an excursion); she replied that she was too tired to read at such times. "Well," said I, "that is the way I feel every night; and I don't get really rested before Monday morning."

I was introduced, not long since, to a young person who boards near us, and works in a woollen mill. To my offer of books, she replied that she had no time to read. Her day's work is 11 hours. She dresses well, but not extravagantly.

I wish capitalists could realize the depression, the sense of drudgery, the jaded feeling of those who labor from 10 to 13 hours.

Several factory girls near us "put all they earn on to their backs," but I have never discovered any better way to cure that than to improve their minds.

If it is not the employers' Christian duty to promote the happiness of their laboring people by affording opportunities for cultivating the mind, then I have read my Testament without understanding, and we shall be no better than the English with their "white slaves." And those of us who have opportunities can be better employed in such business than in patronizing a set of men at the South who, having brain force to rule the country for two generations, may be trusted to work their own States out of their difficulties, and establish true relations between capital and labor.

I wish that the Republican partisans could learn that it would be good policy for them to take up as a political move the lessening of hours of labor. We are a working people, and they are short-sighted who cannot perceive that an intelligent population will not submit to be made such drudges as English operatives are; and that the party that first takes hold of a new issue, and nails it to their platform right-side-up, will get the votes.

One does not often meet with a better exemplification than the foregoing of the kind of mental fog into which even intelligent men may get by steadily looking at a subject through their feelings. Nobody laments more earnestly than we do the disadvantages of all kinds, physical, mental, and moral, under which the working-men labor. We suspect if it were possible to make a thorough comparison of our views it would be found that, ill-satisfied as our correspondent is with the condition of the class to which he belongs, we are far more so.

When we glance at the enormous interval which, even here in the most favored country in the world, separates the great mass of the population, as it is, from what it might become with more leisure, more money, more means and appliances of culture, and when we think of the terrible depth of mental and moral darkness into which two-thirds of the rest of the whole human race are plunged, we are only saved from wishing that it might be saved from further misery by total and immediate extinction by a firm and abiding faith that a very different future is in store for it: a future in which most of the mere drudgery of life will be done by the powers of nature, and in which all men will enjoy at least a large measure of those means and opportunities of moral and intellectual enjoyment which are now restricted to the rich. But as to the means of hastening this period there is, of course, room for wide difference of opinion, and we are opposed to the eight-hour movement simply because we believe it will retard it, and we regret extremely to witness the agitation for legislation on the subject because it indicates great ignorance, on the part of the working classes, on a subject on which it is of prime importance to their welfare that they should be well informed.

Whether you can restrict the working day to eight hours without in the long run lowering wages, or, in other words, lessening the demand for labor, is not a question of "moral economy," as our correspondent seems to imagine; and in attempting to decide it on moral grounds he is making as great a mistake as he would have made had he, in his youth, attempted to make himself acquainted with the nature of elastic vapors by a diligent study of Dugald Stewart.

The working day has been in this, and we believe in other States, successfully restricted, or rather fixed, at ten hours by law, because this is about the number of hours which it has been found by experience in most countries that a man can work without injury to his health. It is the number of hours during which there is for the greater part of the year light to work. It is about the number of hours, too, on which calculations as to the productiveness of capital, and the prospect of success in industrial enterprises, all over the world, have been based for centuries. It is very rare that men will work for a longer period, on the average of the year, except for extraordinary inducements, such as large extra wages, or under extraordinary pressure, such as extreme poverty (that is, be it remembered, superabundance of labor), or under the lash. There is, therefore, little or no violence done to the ordinary laws of trade by fixing ten hours as the legal working day. It simply prevents excess in the few cases in which capitalists would be able or willing to exact from laborers sacrifices or exertions injurious to their health or morals, and therefore opposed to public policy.

But when it is proposed to force men to restrict their working to eight hours a day, not on the ground that this is the period during which a man can labor without injury to his physical powers, but on the ground that he needs the rest of the time for reading, society, and music, an entirely new class of considerations comes into play. It is simply an attempt to set aside or nullify one of the natural economical laws by a law of the State, and all such attempts must fail; and to cast imputations on people's humanity for pointing this out, is about as sensible as to abuse a doctor for discouraging a patient from taking a delightful-looking house in a malarious district. Those who are agitating for the change clearly intend that as much wages shall be paid for eight hours' labor as for ten, and they imagine that the value of the two hours of production thus lopped off will come out of the capitalists' profits. To accomplish this, however, the act must not only fix the number of working hours, but provide that the capitalists shall continue to invest as much money as ever in the State in which the act is in force; that they shall, in other words, be content with smaller profits; and shall not move away either with their funds or their skill and enterprise to any other State or country. The working-men, if they can get a majority in favor of their scheme, may try this experiment, but we tell them plainly that the result is just as well known as if it was before our eyes. You cannot prevent capital from going to places where it yields most returns by any amount of legislation, and no attempt to fix it in one place by regulations diminishing profits, or having a tendency to diminish profits, or to excite fears as to the freedom of industry, has ever had or can have any better result than to

diminish production, drive capital to more favored localities, lessen the demand for labor, lower wages, and plunge the laborer into a struggle, not for more leisure, but for food and rags. Manufacturing industry is being slowly driven out of this city by the enormous taxation caused by bad government, great as the local advantages are. It can be driven out of any State in the Union by this or any other mode of making profits lower than they are elsewhere. It can be, we will not say driven out of the United States, but diminished in amount all over the Union, and the wages of labor thus be lowered, by the exhibition of a fixed determination on the part of the laboring classes to use their numerical strength to interfere with the free use of it, by limiting the freedom of contract between employer and workman. There is nothing which would alarm capitalists more than such a manifestation as this in a democratic country. They would view it as but the narrow end of the wedge. If the rate of wages be once fixed with reference, not to its market value, but the laborer's desire for intellectual and aesthetic enjoyments, the capitalist is of course launched at once on an ocean of uncertainty. Two hours are wanted to-day for more reading; more may be wanted to-morrow for the higher mathematics, or for experimental chemistry; and six hours may be deemed sufficient for the sordid toil of the mill or the workshop.

We for our part believe that the elevation of the working classes must come, and we feel assured will come, from the gradual and now rapid increase of the world in wealth; from their gradual and now rapid rise in intelligence, thrift, and forethought, and their increasing power of combination. They will become to a greater and greater extent capitalists themselves, by the growth of the co-operative system, and by their economy. Individuals will be influenced more and more by the effect of their conduct on the class at large, and will avoid diminishing its power, and the proportion of wealth to be divided amongst it, by increasing their number too rapidly. But we confess we shall lose much of our hope for their future on the day when we see them abandon their dependence on their own sagacity, freedom, and intelligence, and fall back on the antiquated expedient of meddling legislation. We admit that the process we have described is a slow one; that generations may pass away before the consummation is reached which the promoters of the present agitation foolishly flatter themselves an act of the legislature can place before them this very winter. But there is nothing more discouraging in this than in the slow disappearance of any other social evil. This is evidently the way in which God cures the world of its diseases, and we confess we despair of "leagues" or "unions" discovering a better one. The complaint of want of time for self-culture which our correspondent makes, is unhappily a very common one, and is not confined to those who labor with their hands alone. Most of the business men and lawyers of this city reach their homes at night in that very jaded condition which he describes, unfit to converse even with their families, much less to study or play on the guitar. There is not a professional man in the community who does not mourn daily over the absorption of his time and his faculties in the daily task of supporting his family and making a provision for his old age, to the exclusion almost of all attempt to dip into literature or art, or cultivate the highest powers of his mind. Overwork is not the curse of working-men alone, but of all classes except the owners of large fortunes. It is the vice of the age, but its causes and the means of its cure would lead us into a field of discussion for which this is neither the time nor the place. We certainly do not expect to see it banished by an act of the legislature declaring that eight hours shall be the same thing as ten, any more than we expect to see specie payments restored by an act of Congress declaring the paper dollar to be of exactly the same value as the gold one.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAYS.

IN an article with the above title, printed in THE NATION on the 5th of October, we endeavored to show that the safety of travellers ought not to be trusted to the railroad companies, nor the supervision of these to the State legislatures, because they are, for the most part, controlled by the railroad companies in all things connected with the interests of the latter. Therefore, if the dangers of travelling are to

be diminished, it must be by the interference of the national Government.

There is another reason for this conclusion, and a better one, because founded on a principle which is permanent, and not on a fact which may be, and all must hope will be, temporary. The railroads form a great system, composed of many parts, organized and working together for a common object. This object is the carrying of persons and merchandise in every direction across our wide empire. The several parts of this system are the railroads in each State. But each State can govern only its own roads, and all the States cannot unite to regulate all the railroads, so as to make a harmonious whole. One government for the whole is, therefore, necessary to attain the object sought—safety for travellers everywhere throughout the country.

The railroad companies receive their charters from the States through which they pass. Hitherto they have been governed, if at all, by the laws of those States. Are they, therefore, State institutions and local interests? or, taken as a whole, do they not form a national interest? If so, they come within the scope of national power.

As already stated, railroads, because of the advantages they offer, have become a monopoly. By their superiority over all other means of travelling, they have thrust aside all other means, so that all who travel must travel by them. Stage-coaches have disappeared wherever rail-cars run, and although it is doubtless possible for a man to walk, or ride, or drive from New York to Washington or to Milwaukee, no one ever does it, or ever will, so long as he can go by the railroad without too much risk to life or limb. Thus all the travelling of the country is done by means of the railroads. The exceptions to this general rule are too inconsiderable to affect the argument.

Railroads have thus created the trade and intercourse of the nation—commerce between the States and with foreign states. They are the common highways of the people, and each is a link in a great system by which a continuous stream of travellers from all parts of the country is constantly passing to all parts. At every station "through tickets" can be bought for long routes owned by different companies and chartered by different States. All are supported, not by local custom, but by the travelling of the whole people, and they create and maintain that travelling, which but for them would be impossible. Are not the railroads, then, a national interest, thus sustaining and sustained by the trade and intercourse of the nation? Two interests, each co-extensive with the nation, are related and necessary to each other. To render their union more fruitful of good and less fruitful of evil, wise government by an external power is necessary. What power but that of the nation is equal to the task?

Obviously it is one which the several States could not execute, even if they were not, as before stated, controlled by the railroad companies. These, united by mutual arrangement for the purpose, form continuous lines connecting together the most remote parts of our extended domain. The management of each by the several States would be different. In some it might be judicious, in others ignorant and foolish, and in others there might be none at all, as at present. The traveller, therefore, might be safe to-day and unsafe to-morrow, or safe in the morning and unsafe in the afternoon. As the railroads constitute a great whole, used by the whole people, uniform good management is the thing needed—safety everywhere.

Not only are the railroads necessary to the trade and intercourse of the country, but they have become so to the operations of the Government. They carry the mails, which are essential alike to the Government and to commerce, which extend the influence of the press into every corner of the country, and by bringing to all homes letters, newspapers, and books add so much to the diffusion of knowledge and to domestic and social enjoyments. The post-office, with its present business and usefulness, would be impossible but for the railroads. They are equally important to the Government in time of war, as recent experience proves. Obviously, therefore, as they are at once the highways of the whole people and the chief instrument by which the national Government attains its objects, the railroads ought to be regulated by that Government, whose duty it is to promote the interests of the people and to secure the means necessary to the exercise of its own functions. Unless it can command the railroads, it is powerless both in peace and war.

The case is provided for by the Constitution, although railroads were unknown to those who made it. The general Government is invested with authority over the interests of the nation, and the State governments are confined to local interests. All the powers, express and implied, of Congress are given to enable it "to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." Those which relate specially to our topic are the power "to regulate commerce among the several States," and "to establish post-offices and post-roads." It would much exceed our limits to discuss the various questions to which these clauses have given rise. It may be stated generally that whatever tends, directly and materially, to create and promote trade and intercourse among the States is within the scope of the first-mentioned power. A sound paper currency does this. Therefore, a Bank of the United States to furnish one was constitutional. Free passage over the lakes and rivers of the country does this. Therefore no State can obstruct such passage. Commerce means not merely trade in merchandise, but the intercourse of travellers. "Commerce among the several States" is held to mean "commerce intermingled with the States, and which might pass the external boundary line of each State, and be introduced into the interior," and "to regulate" implies full and exclusive power over the thing to be regulated (1 Kent's Com., 409).

Surely all this is just as applicable to railroads as to rivers, the former having become much the more powerful instrument of commerce among the States. Congress has interfered to provide for the safety of travellers in steamboats, and apparently with good effect, for accidents on these, once so common and so destructive, have, since the action of the Government, greatly diminished. The reasons which invoked and justified the exercise of regulating authority in the case of steamboats apply with even greater force to steam-cars.

The Post-office is a great general interest which it is the duty of Congress to control for the common good. It is needless to enlarge on its importance to the Government and to the people in every part of our wide territory. The present efficiency of the Post-office is due wholly to the railroads. To go back to the stage-coach would be to return to comparative barbarism. The railroads have become, through the force of irresistible causes, post-roads. Congress has power, therefore, to "establish" them, and this phrase has been construed to give authority to designate as post-roads roads already made, or to construct others and control them (Story's Com., chap. 18).

It is necessary for the purposes of the Government, whether in peace or war, that the railroads should be safe. Safety is equally necessary in the working of an instrument by which alone "commerce among the States," in its present condition, can be maintained and promoted. Congress, therefore, has constitutional authority over the railroads.

What Congress ought to do to diminish the risks of travelling, and whether, having the legal authority, it has the practical power to govern the railroad companies, we may perhaps consider hereafter.

"A YANKEE'S" ESCAPE FROM A "LOGICAL DILEMMA."

SOME weeks ago we commented on the assertion made by "A Yankee," the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, that the negroes were regarded with loathing by the people of the North, and challenged him to reconcile this with his other statement that, if the negro got the ballot, the whites would soon meet him in the marriage-bed, at the dinner-table, and in the senate. He promised that he would make it all plain in a week or two, and here is his explanation, which has just appeared in the *Spectator*:

"But if there is an antipathy of race, may not that antipathy be trusted to keep the races apart just as well when they have equal political rights as before? 'Is it, then, compulsory in America to marry an elector?' Such is the *reductio ad absurdum* put before me, when I say that the negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress and the negro in the marriage-bed. This logical bugaboo may look very terrible to those who do not know what it is made of. It supposes that because the mass of people have an aversion for one kind of food, there may not be some whose stomachs or whose needs are strong enough to enable them to eat it. Opium is a soporific drug none the less because, as physicians will tell you, there are some people to whom

strong green tea will not bring a more excited sleeplessness. It was but a day or two ago that a gentleman, a Northerner, who had seen much of the South, said to me upon this subject, 'Give the negroes votes, and in a generation, when they got power, and some property, and a little elevation, the low political loafers down there will be marrying them for the sake of political power. The negro vote there would be just like the Irish vote here. The surest way to get it would be to marry a negress, and the vilest and most degraded would get it, or at least make this bid for it; and so we should soon be like Mexico.' Like Mexico! like Mexico! That frightful warning is ever before our eyes. And that what we fear would come is confessed by that 'other Yankee' who undertook to controvert my statements, and whose success, I venture to say, was much like that of the editor above-mentioned. For he says, 'There are thousands of white men who would marry octoroons, quadroons, and mulattoes who never could be induced to mate with a negress; and the same is true of white women.' Never was truer word said. The 'political loafers,' the vile and the degraded, would make the beginning, and then would come in the 'thousands;' and with four or five millions of negroes to begin on, in a generation or two we should have as political people in some parts of the country what Mr. Cobden calls 'a degraded population of half-castes,' which would require the hand of God himself to elevate to civilization."

Now, we confess, all this seems to us as clear as mud. A race which another race regards with loathing—peculiar, indescribable, instinctive—cannot, matrimonially considered, be compared to any kind of drug or food. The question, as "A Yankee" puts it, is really whether some "low political loafers" will eat dirt, and, if they do, whether the rest of the population will gradually acquire their taste, and follow their example. The free choice does not, according to him, lie between beef and pork, or between green tea and opium, but between plain food and garbage. There may be persons in the community who will take to garbage-eating for political ends, but the danger of the taste spreading is an extraordinary reason to give for refraining from an act which *per se* is plainly our duty. We are here gravely asked in a democratic republic to shut out one-sixth of the population from political rights for ever because there is some likelihood that "some low political loafers" would marry negroes to get negro votes, and that better people would follow suit. This, we confess, is a mode of canvassing of which little has hitherto been heard. The gentleman who has "seen much of the South" has apparently seen very little of the North, if he supposes, as he seems to do, that small politicians are in the habit of marrying Irishwomen as a means of securing political preferment.

Moreover, there must surely be some defect in the mental vision of people who think that if marriage between the two races can be prevented, all danger of a "large population of half-castes" in the United States is avoided. Children, mulattoes as well as others, are, we regret to say, sometimes born out of wedlock. Shocking as it may seem to "A Yankee," a considerable proportion of the colored population of the South is the offspring or descendants of white men, who did not wait for the enfranchisement of the negroes to take a good dose of the opium which, according to "A Yankee," the Anglo-Saxon race regards with such abhorrence. And the indulgence in this soporific will, in our opinion, always exist in the ratio of negro degradation. Everybody who fears the intermixture of races ought to labor for the elevation of the blacks by every means, so that the production of mulattoes shall be impossible except through intermarriage. And so far from believing, as "A Yankee" does, that political enfranchisement would facilitate intermarriage, we believe it would leave it just as rare and difficult as ever. For while thinking that he greatly exaggerates the depth of the popular antipathy to the negro, we believe, as he apparently does not, that it is of that peculiar kind which would make any general legal mixture of blood between the two races outrageously improbable under any circumstances. How anybody who dwells as much and as justly as he does on the Anglo-Saxon pride of race can think it would give way before a wider distribution of the franchise, we do not well see. People who consider the case of Mexico "a frightful warning" to the American people against carrying out their own principles of government, have yet, it seems to us, a great deal to learn as to the proper mode of reasoning on political subjects. There could hardly be a better example than this of the fallacy known as the "chemical method." There are scarcely two points of

resemblance between Mexico and this country, either in history, mode of settlement, or composition of population, or relation of races. We might as well take "warning" from the Turkish Empire or from Hungary.

THE SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE OF "THE NATION."

(From the London *Spectator*.)

It seems strange that the energy which characterizes the management of our great journals has not induced some of them to send special correspondents out to the Southern States. Few phases of society could, one would think, be more rich in variety and interest than that through which the former Confederate States are now passing. An almost unparalleled social revolution is now in course of accomplishment south of Mason and Dixon's line, involving the solution not only of some of the [most] important problems which have ever perplexed humanity, but affecting the future status of the restored Union and its relations with England. It would be worth a great deal to us, not only politically but commercially, to know what the real state of the South is now, and what are the genuine feelings of its inhabitants. Next to the Northerners themselves, nobody has so close an interest in obtaining this knowledge as Englishmen, and yet our newspapers furnish us with no information on the subject. If we turn to American newspapers we meet with but little more assistance in our search. In the first place, every Southern correspondent of a Northern paper writes with the view of upholding some theory or supporting some policy with reference to the treatment of the subdued States. The party warfare between Republicans and Democrats, advocates and opponents of negro suffrage, State-rights men, and Federalists, is too keen to permit any careful study of facts, apart from their bearing on theories. Moreover, the art of newspaper correspondence is very partially understood in America. It is an art which after all has only sprung into existence within the last twenty years in this country, and which certainly can never take root in the New World till the American newspapers abandon the barbarous custom of cutting up every letter into short paragraphs, divided by appropriate headings.

Since the close of the war, however, there has been an attempt made to establish in America a newspaper written by and for men of education, and intended to occupy the same position in American journalism as that held by our high-class English weeklies. How far our contemporary, the New York *NATION*, will prove successful, it is impossible for anybody not resident in the country to guess. Bennett, of the *Herald*, used to say openly, when any one complained of the character of his journal, that the moment he found there was a want for a high-class, respectable journal in America he should like nothing better than to satisfy it, but at present there existed no public for such a paper. If *THE NATION* should prove by its success that the time has come when a scholar-like, thoughtful, well-written paper can hold its own in the States, one of the reproaches which was most justly levelled against New World civilization will lose its weight. However, our object is not to discuss the existence of an educated public in the States, as evinced by the appearance of a journal like *THE NATION*, but to call attention to some very remarkable reports which have been published in it concerning the condition of the South.

The moment that the South was re-opened *THE NATION* sent a special correspondent to describe the "South as it is," and his letters afford far the most instructive picture that has yet been furnished us of the condition of the Southern States. If he has any theory of his own with reference to the manner in which the political issues of the day ought to be decided, he does not obtrude it upon the reader. His letters are nothing more nor less than the diary of his journey on horseback through the States that so lately were the scene of war. Throughout the correspondence there is an extreme appearance of fairness. Writing to a paper of strong Abolitionist and Union sympathies, he tells all sorts of facts, which, as far as they go, are not in favor of negro suffrage, or of the rehabilitation of the black race. And what is more striking still in the correspondence of a Northern paper, he makes no scruple of reporting the complaints which he hears from returned Confederate soldiers of their sufferings in Federal prisons.

To an English reader there are two features about these letters which suggest curious reflections. The first is the evidence they afford of the extent to which the South was an unknown country to the North before the war. The correspondent, writing to an American journal, repeatedly mentions facts about the habits, customs, scenery, manners, and modes of life of the Southern States of the kind which an English correspondent might mention if writing about Russia, but which he would no more think of mentioning if travelling in Ireland or Scotland than he would of explaining that the Strand was the main thoroughfare of London. Then, too, another odd inference which the English reader derives from the perusal of these letters is, that travelling in the South at this moment is unattended not only with danger, but with any risk of insult or annoyance. The correspondent of *THE NATION* is avowedly a Yankee, with Northern habits and tones of thought and speech. Yet he travels alone amidst the Southern villages, and it never seems to enter his mind that he may be subjected

to unpleasantness from the unpopularity of his nation. Now if the feeling of the South towards the North had been at any time of that fierce, irreconcilable antipathy which, we are assured by pro-Southern advocates over here, it partook, it is incredible that such should be the case. Probably a Yankee would be an unwelcome guest in the mansions of such planters as are still left standing, though even this we doubt, judging from the extraordinary sort of intimacy which existed in Europe to our knowledge between Southerners and Northerners, even at the crisis of the war. But it is clear that the people of the Confederacy have no animosity towards Yankees as Yankees, such as the Italians entertained towards the Austrians, or the Poles towards the Russians.

Naturally enough, the attention of *THE NATION*'s correspondent is especially devoted to the relations of the conquered States towards the Union. The general sentiment, as far as we can gather from his letters, amongst the people is a sense of relief at the termination of the war. In the words of a ruined planter whom he came across in his wanderings, "The damned thing is all over, and I'm glad it is." The same sentiment is expressed, less tersely, but more thoroughly perhaps, in the speech of a former Confederate officer whom the correspondent overheard laying down his opinions in a bar-room at Richmond: "Our people, sir," he said, "are quiet; nobody talks of insurrection. We go peaceably about our business. We are conquered, and all our actions acknowledge it. We may not love the Yankees; I don't think we pretend to do that; but we have made up our minds to behave as peaceable citizens. We can keep these States in the Union, and we mean to do it. We have tried our best to keep them out, and we admit we can't." Apparently the idea of trying a second insurrection, when the strength of the country is restored, is never contemplated by anybody. Secession is "played out," and the whole energies of the Southern American mind are devoted to making the best of a bad business.

According to these accounts, the time which the South will require to recover from the injuries inflicted on her by the war is not nearly so long as European critics expected. For the moment there is a great scarcity of food and provender, and a general paralysis of agricultural operations, owing to the want of labor. Plenty of cases of ruin and misery are recorded in these letters, but there is no evidence of actual lack of food among the people. The dirt, and discomfort, and shiftlessness of the slave States were so offensive to Northern eyes before the outbreak of the war, that it is difficult for the correspondent to determine how much of the wretchedness he sees is exceptional and how much is normal. Nor as yet has he discovered any traces of extreme destitution even amidst the colored population. Our impression is that the permanent damage caused by the war has been much exaggerated, as far as the country is concerned. You may ravage a country with fire and sword, but after all nature repairs the injury, especially in a tropical climate, with extraordinary celerity. The most permanent loss the South has suffered is in the number of able-bodied young men who perished during the war. In some of the Virginian and Carolina villages there seems to be nobody left except old men and children.

With respect to the freedmen, the feeling of the Southerners, as represented by the authority from which we quote, is well-nigh unanimous. "So far," says he, "as I have seen, all native Southerners, the poorest and most degraded equally with the rich, and people of the most undoubted Unionism as well as Secessionists, unaffectedly and heartily despise the negroes." Truly they are a despised race. Everybody feels contempt, as often, perhaps, mingled with pity as with hatred, for their morals, their mental capacity, and their character as laborers. That the negro is of no use to anybody as a freed laborer appears to be an *idée fixe* in the Southern mind. As one of the correspondent's interlocutors remarked to him, "The negro, poor fellow! was fated to disappear. Slavery, if it had oppressed him, had at the same time protected him. Give the negro social and political equality. That would make no difference. Being left to stand or fall alone in a competitive struggle for life with a superior race, he would be sure to perish; a system bad for the individual negro had been the preservation of the negro race in America; philanthropists, with their schemes for elevating the man, would find they had exterminated their species. A troublesome question would at any rate be removed from American politics."

These sort of ideas, whether true or false, are certain to prevail after emancipation. They have always been held in every country where race-slavery has been an institution. If the negro cannot hold his own in the Southern States with a fair field for his labor, nothing will preserve the race, nor is it perhaps desirable that the race should be preserved, if this prove to be the case. But the danger is that this preconceived opinion should hinder the negro from having a fair trial. The whole tenor of the letters we quote from seems to show that the Southerners do not treat the freed negro fairly. Employers of labor either expect that the blacks shall work for less than the market value of their labor, or else they exact from them a degree of deference and obedience which can only be maintained by coercion. As far as can be ascertained, the freedmen have worked well enough where they were fairly paid and well treated, but the instances in which they have met with such treatment are very exceptional. In consequence, the negroes are much more inclined to become squatters than to work for wages,

and thus the Southerners are committing exactly the same folly which was perpetrated by the Jamaica planters. Out of annoyance at emancipation they are pursuing a course of conduct which must end in the impoverishment of the supply of labor, on which their business depends. Of any deliberate attempt or wish to re-establish slavery as an institution, we find no mention in these reports. Nor are the cases of ill-treatment of the freed slaves more frequent than must inevitably be expected in a state of transition from slavery to freedom.

Correspondence.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Convention of the Episcopal Church has been subjected to no little reproach for not adopting the resolution offered by Mr. Horace Binney, Jr. Whether the convention is to be commended or condemned, it is entitled to an intelligent judgment upon its action; and there cannot be an intelligent judgment without a knowledge of the nature and functions of the convention and of its permanent policy.

It is not only natural but proper that those should condemn the convention who suppose it to be a gathering of clergymen and laymen to discuss and pass upon moral and religious questions of the day for their mutual benefit and the edification of the people. Such is the character and function of what are called conventions of many religious denominations, of the church congresses now held in England, and of conventions for social and moral science. If such were the character of the Episcopal Convention, it might well be reproached for holding a session of eighteen days and refusing to so much as discuss the questions of slavery, of the late war and its causes, and the moral and social consequences of the Union victory.

But the convention is a body established by the constitution of the Episcopal Church, having specific functions, powers, and purposes. Its members are elected, and have an official and constitutional duty to perform. They do not meet as individuals, to discharge their personal duties, at large, to society and to the church alike. It is a legislative and, in some respects, an administrative body. It has been long settled that the duty and policy of the convention is to avoid all discussion and attempts to procure expressions of opinion upon subjects of a political character, however intimately they may be blended with moral and religious duties. But this does not go to the root of the matter. It has been equally the policy of the convention to refuse to entertain propositions purely theological and religious, unless they are necessary to the discharge of the functions of the convention as a legislative and administrative body. The design is to prevent the convention being turned into a debating society for discussing and voting upon any questions whatever, even though strictly theological.

In 1844 an attempt was made to obtain an expression of the opinion of the convention against the Oxford tracts. The division was not upon the merits or demerits of the tracts, but upon the functions and policy of the convention. The resolutions offered were voted down. The argument was used that the convention owed it to itself, to society, and to the church, to disclaim and denounce the teachings of the tracts, which were having great influence, and that not to do it was dereliction of duty. The action of the convention was misunderstood and denounced by many; but was in harmony with its uniform view of its own proper duties.

In 1859, the convention was in session in Richmond, in the midst of the excitement that attended John Brown's raid. Fears of domestic insurrection prevailed, yet no attempt was made to procure a resolve of the convention in favor of law and order, or deprecating insurrection and violence. Indeed, so careful was the convention in preserving its line, that it refused to vote to call upon the Governor of the State, although the duty of honoring the magistrates was harped upon. So well had this policy become settled and known, that no attempt has ever been made to procure an expression of opinion from the convention containing, even by implication, anything on the subject of slavery in the South, or polygamy in Utah; or, on the other hand, deprecating agitation of those questions. Nothing has ever been done in the interests of either side of the questions of slavery in the States, its extension or abolition, or the right of secession or revolution, or the rights of the general Government and the free States. And this policy is entitled to credit, because it has been uniformly applied to moral and theological questions as well as to political. We think it will be found that the records show no exception to this policy. If there have been any, it is when the resolutions were accepted without objection, and on matters of courtesy, or from unanimity.

So much for the functions and policy of the convention. Now, as to the resolution of Mr. Binney.

The House of Bishops sent down a notice for a Thanksgiving service "for the return of peace to the country and unity to the church." Mr. Binney moved a resolution requesting the bishop to offer especial thanks for the removal of slavery, which it declared to have been the cause of the late troubles. The resolution was laid upon the table.

There can be no doubt that this vote is owing to the view entertained by a majority as to the duty and policy of the convention in all such cases as these. It was not a vote on the question whether the church should or should not be thankful that slavery was abolished, or did or did not think slavery to have been the cause of the war. The division was on the question whether the convention should discuss and attempt to pass upon those questions, and in that connection. The objections to Mr. Binney's resolution were twofold. First, that it required an opinion of the convention that slavery was the cause of our troubles; a subject the discussion and decision of which would be contrary to the uniform construction of the duty and policy of the convention. Second, that it limited the national thanksgiving service, and specified the reasons for it, instead of leaving them general and open. All could unite in giving thanks for the restoration of peace and unity in church and state, while there might be, and in a church including the Southern States would be, varieties of opinion as to the only cause, the chief cause, or one of the causes of the war, and, possibly, as to whether the overthrow of slavery was cause of thankfulness. At all events, it was thought best to have a thanksgiving service of the general character proposed by the bishops. A strong reason in favor of the course proposed by the bishops was, that it did not, by the faintest implication, negative or tend to negative, or even to ignore, the propositions of Mr. Binney. The original resolution no more denied or ignored that slavery was the cause of the war, and its removal a blessing, than it did that the doctrine of the right of secession led to the war, and that our thanks and gratitude were due to the army and navy for conquering peace and unity. It left all these things open and untouched.

The question was this: Shall the whole convention unite in a thanksgiving for the return of peace and unity, without more, or shall it not? If the plan of the bishops was adopted, that could be done. If Mr. Binney's amendment was adopted, it could not be done; but a majority would have forced into the service a declaration upon a question historical, political, and moral, as to which some might differ, and others prefer not to consider in that convention, and which the original left open and untouched.

In view of these circumstances and reasons, is not the convention to be justified by loyal and anti-slavery men, or, at least, credited and respected?

X.

FRANCE

MADemoiselle Thérèse.

PARIS, October 27, 1865.

THE gaieties of Paris have always attracted a host of strangers, and have been for our capital a source of great wealth; our theatres have been a school of wit, of manners, of urbanity. In all our public places and amusements there has always been found an æsthetic element; but the physiognomy of Paris, so dear and so familiar to me, begins already to wear the signs of that depravity which has been encouraged and created by the despotism of the Second Empire. The symptoms of this growing depravity are numerous. Far be it from me to wish that Paris should become a stiff and Puritan town, but there should be some decency in pleasure, some delicacy in freedom. Decency and delicacy are now thrown aside. The most popular singer in the public places of Paris is a certain Thérèse, whose fame has perhaps not yet reached your ears, but with whom it is time you should become acquainted, as she is a "representative woman." In the summer she sings in one of the *café* concerts of the Champs Elysées in the open air, under the old and dusty elm trees; in winter, in a hall called *Café de l'Alcazar*. Having heard so much of her, I had a few days ago the curiosity to go to the latter place. With great difficulty I pushed my way through a motley crowd, composed of workmen and workwomen, of clerks, of young and elegant *gandins* (dandies), and of *lorettes*; silk gowns were to be seen near *blouses*; the newest and lightest bonnets near old-fashioned muslin caps; the fragrance of the best Brévas was mixed with the smoke of the clay pipes. A thousand men and women were pressed round small marble tables covered with glasses, and the noise hardly allowed the unfortunate singers, who presented themselves on a small stage at the end of the room, to be heard. Who cared about the fat *barytone* who sang in a lugubrious tone some air of Donizetti? Who cared even about the *comique*, whose grimaces had something sad and melancholy, as had his worn-out black coat and his shirt-col

ars of dubious white? Thérèse! Thérèse! Now she appears at last, the queen of the Alcazar. After deafening applause comes a great silence, and she begins. She is dressed in the handsomest silk that Lyons can weave, but its very beauty makes her appear uglier; for she is ugly—there is not a good feature in her face, and her anatomy is singularly deficient. She begins: her sharp and thrilling voice fills the great hall; her pronunciation is the most perfect I ever heard—not a word, not a syllable is lost; but, alas! what words and what syllables! Her specialty is to sing indecent songs, and her talent consists in *underlining*, if I may use the expression, every indecent verse or word; her voice, at times very pure, assumes at others an indescribable coarseness; her gestures, her movements, and her pantomime would make, as the French proverb says, “a dragoon blush.” But there are few dragons in the audience; every allusion, every equivocal thought, is received with tremendous cheers. To me the audience was the real spectacle, and a sad and humiliating one. In old times I had witnessed the same sort of enthusiasm in the same places, but then it always followed a patriotic song. Thérèse has taken the place of Béranger. From her songs the patriotic verses have carefully been excluded by the police; for every one of them is examined by the *Censure* before it can be sung in public.

The admiration for Thérèse is not confined to the lower classes. Last winter the queen of the Alcazar was also the queen of the *salons*. A good and pious duchess, whom I will not name because she regrets what she has done, was the first to invite Thérèse to her house, and she received an ovation there at the hands of all that is most noble and refined in Paris. At the house of Madame K—, the wife of one of our richest manufacturers, Thérèse sang in the presence of M. Britelle, the *préfet de police*. After one of her pieces, a gentleman said to her: “You do n't sing this at the Alcazar.” “No,” said she, “the *préfet de police* would not allow it.” At another house, at Madame S—'s, after Thérèse had gone through her now celebrated *répertoire*, a charming young woman, who looks like one of Raphael's virgins, conversed with her, and finally said, “Mademoiselle, could you not sing another piece, something—what shall I say?—*de plus fort*?” “No, madame,” was the answer, “I don't know anything *de plus fort*.” Not a bad answer for a Thérèse.

The growing corruption of the people is a natural effect of a system which has reduced politics to the old Roman formula, “*panem et circenses*.” Enormous palaces have been built where the workmen spend their evenings. In the great café of the Boulevard de Sebastopol you may see them every night round a hundred billiard-tables, and in the blaze of a thousand gas-lights. The gilded halls, the velvet-cushioned sofas where they can lie, the splendor, the noise, of these new palaces, keep them away from their families from the small and dark room where their deserted wives and children remain. They must be corrupted by all means: cheap papers are printed for them, such as the *Petit Journal* (price one sou), where there is not a word of politics. The political newspapers, all of which are submitted to the stamp-tax, can no longer compete with this silly paper, full of sensation novels and of disguised imperialism. Of all liberties, the one which has been given to us is *la liberté des théâtres*. New theatres are built everywhere; every direct or now can have a *corps de ballet*, and there is no minimum limit to the length of the petticoats. The new *féerie* called the *Biche au Bois*, which has gone through more than 200 representations, is an exhibition such as Paris never witnessed before. No Turkish pasha, no slave merchant of the East, ever collected such a number of young beauties; compared to the tableaux of this *féerie*, Greek mythology seems chaste and paganism innocent. The music of Offenbach is the fit accompaniment of the *danse macabre* of the present age. In his last operas, *Orphée*, and the *Belle Hélène*, the gods of Olympus, dance the dances of Mabilite, and converse in the language of the *quartier Bréda*. Do you remember a beautiful piece of Heine on the Greek gods? How beautiful and poetical are the lamentations of Jupiter, Venus, and Minerva, driven from the sacred mountain. Now, alas! Jupiter and Venus and Minerva are vulgar buffoons, and blaspheme against their own divinity. This coarse, low, vulgar vein is found everywhere. The morality of the nation has descended to the lowest ebb. A young profligate, who died a few weeks ago of consumption, the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse, one of the best names of France, has publicly left a legacy of 60,000 francs to Venus: I mean the Venus of Offenbach, whose name is M^{lle} Schneider, as the interest of a sum of 12,000 francs which she had lent him. He was almost entirely ruined; he used to spend the whole night playing cards; in the early morning he saddled one of his horses and took a ride to calm his nervous system. He returned home chilled and tired, and took a half bottle of brandy before going to bed. Such was the wretched life of one who was always spoken of as a leader of fashion. The story of his adventures and duels might fill a volume. In the midst of what people call pleasure, he was in fact very unhappy. He despised the people among whom he lived, and despised himself. Nobody ever spoke with a more cruel sincerity

of the Bonapartist society, where he found courtiers and admirers. He was brave, full of energy, and felt that his life was lost in idleness. As there was no worthy object of ambition for him, he gave himself up to every vice. How many there are among us who feel the same disgust for the present, the same contempt for the vanities and lies of which they are nevertheless the victims!

I hope you will not form too hasty conclusions from the picture I have drawn, and I cannot but hope that the immorality I have described is only skin-deep. There is a vitality and activity in the French character which must find an opening. When every noble passion is banished, when the pleasures of liberty can no longer be enjoyed, this energy seeks every new channel, it runs in every possible direction. Under the apparent gaiety of the age, there is a profound wound which nothing can heal. The new generations, who are innocent of the faults of the past, and who feel themselves excluded from the field of political life, suffer tortures which no one can understand who has not spent years under a permanent sense of shame, of wounded pride, and of humiliation. The frivolity of the eighteenth century, which preceded the great revolution of 1798, was not more deceitful than the cynical tone of the present period. The stranger who goes through Paris and feels bewildered by so much luxury, pleasure, and gaiety ignores perforce an inner and deeper life; he does not receive the confidences of so many victims; he may think that “*tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des Empires*.” How many Englishmen have I not heard, escaped from the smoke of London and the mist of British melancholy, expressing a sort of childish admiration at the sight of Paris, its splendors and its prosperity! They do not know, they never will understand, that under all this something is hidden which their eye cannot see; there is a heart still in the bosom of this Babylon, and she will herself some day tear off the vain garments, the false ornaments, which now adorn her, and astonish the world.

A. L.

AMERICAN CATTLE.

THE traveller in Europe cannot fail to have noticed that the cattle of one small province or canton will often differ widely from those of another and a neighboring province, and that the stock of each possesses a great degree of uniformity in appearance. Particularly is this the case on the Continent. Thus in ascending the Rhine, the broad, rich polders of Holland are thickly covered with a fine class of large black and white cattle, of a remarkable similarity in form and characteristics. This general color prevails all around the marshy districts as far as the Weser, it might almost be said as far as the Elbe.

And so in Switzerland, the large and stately Bernese and Fribourg cattle differ widely from those of Lucerne and the Grisons, both in color and size. These races, again, differ essentially from those in the valleys of the Bernese Alps, through the Simmenthal and other localities, familiar to every American traveller. No one who has seen them can fail to have marked the peculiar cattle of Tuscany, all more or less dark grey in color, all uniform in appearance, with long and graceful horns. These were the descendants, no doubt, of the stock driven from the broad plains of Hungary during the early invasions of Italy by the Huns and other roving barbarians. In descending the Danube, below Vienna, thousands of herds will be seen to graze along its winding banks, unique in form and character, with horns often branching seven or eight feet, and limbs slender and graceful as a deer. This race, according to the opinion of some naturalists, is the great original source from which the cattle of Europe sprang. It now appears under the general name of Hungarian.

The same is true, to a great extent, of every country in Germany; that is, each has its distinctive race or breed, differing, more or less, from the cattle of all other countries. This difference may be a little less marked in England, but it is nevertheless quite perceptible in the different counties. Thus, in coming among the apple-covered farms of Herefordshire, a remarkably beautiful white-faced animal grazes the hill-sides; in entering the picturesque Devonshire, the color of all the cattle is an almost uniform red, and so on.

This uniformity is nowhere found among the common stock of the United States. The early importations made by the colonies established in various parts of the country came from widely different stocks, some from England, some from Holland, some from Denmark, some from Sweden, and others from the West Indies. They got wonderfully mixed up in the course of a few years, nor is it surprising that they did.

The first cattle brought to this country were those landed at the James River, some time previous to 1609. The colony was established in 1607. Others arrived there in 1610, and the next year a hundred head were received by that colony. The first that came were, no doubt, brought over by the early

adventurers from England; but, subsequently to their arrival, others appear to have been procured from the West Indies; others came from Ireland. Those from the West India Islands were the descendants of cattle brought over by Columbus, in his second voyage to America in 1493.

So important were these early acquisitions of stock considered, that an order appears to have been issued forbidding the killing of domestic animals on pain of death to the principal, burning of the hand and cropping the ears of the accessory, and a sound whipping of twenty-four hours to the concealer of the facts. This was encouragement with a vengeance to the raising of stock, and it had the intended effect, for in 1620 the neat stock of Virginia numbered no less than 500 head, and in 1639 it had risen to 30,000, when the restriction against the slaughter seems to have been removed and the number began to decrease. Many cattle were sent from the Virginia colony to New England.

The first cattle received by the Plymouth colony came over in the ship *Charity* in 1624, being imported by Governor Winslow. In 1627 they had so far increased that a division of them among the colonists took place, some of them being described as black and brindle, showing no uniformity. The same year, 1627, the Swedish West India Company imported some stock for their settlers along the Delaware River, and these, together with those imported by the Dutch West India Company into New York, must have swelled the aggregate number in the country by the year 1630 to some thousands.

In the course of two or three years after this date, Mason and Gorges brought over considerable numbers of large yellow cattle from Denmark for the purpose of carrying on the lumber business along the Piscataqua River, in New Hampshire. These cattle became widely diffused over that region, and maintained their position till within the memory of men still living. Indeed traces of them may still be seen. They were large and coarse, but well calculated to endure the rigors of a northern climate. They unquestionably did much to lay the foundation of what is called the "native" cattle of New England, for they became mixed, in a few years, with the cattle imported into Plymouth and Salem, and with the Dutch from New York, and to some extent, no doubt, with the stock of the James River and the Delaware colonies.

Such and so varied were the sources from which our common stock sprang. There were the black cattle of Spain, the red from the coast of Devonshire, the black and white Dutch from the island of Texel and the coast of Holland, the yellow cattle of Denmark and the marsh regions, and the Swedes from still further north. The crosses between these widely distinct stocks were inevitable and almost infinite.

It could not be expected that these intermixtures would produce any uniformity in the produce, either in color, form, or other characteristics. The offspring of the crosses of the Danmarks with the Spanish and Welsh would naturally be a dark brindle; with the Danmarks and the Devons, a light or yellowish brindle; and more recent importations have produced more or less of a spotted progeny.

A stock made up in this way could not form a distinctly marked race or breed, and thus it happened that we had no fixed breeds in this country till the more modern importations from abroad. The term *race*, in stock, applies only to animals of the same species possessing, besides the general characteristics of that species, other characteristics which they owe to the influence of climate, soil, nourishment, and the habits of life to which they have been long subjected by man, and which they transmit with certainty to their progeny; and it is essential that they should have possessed these characteristics from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The term *breed*, on the other hand, applies to a family of animals built up by a long course of careful breeding and selection till certain desired characteristics become fixed, capable, and sure of being transmitted. The peculiarities of *breeds* are more inherent, more fixed and strongly marked than those of families or breeds built up artificially. Tried by this standard, the "native" or the common stock of the country cannot constitute either a race or a breed, since they do not possess any characteristics, peculiar to them all, which they transmit with any certainty to their offspring, either of form, size, color, milking or working properties. They have neither the size, the symmetry, nor the early maturity of the short-horns; they have neither the fineness of bone, the beauty of form and color, nor the activity of the Devons and the Herefords; they do not give the uniform quantity nor the high quality of the Ayrshires and the Jerseys; but their most important failing is that they do not transmit the many good qualities which they often possess, to an extraordinary degree, to their offspring, which is the characteristic of all well-established breeds.

Considering the hardships to which the cattle of the early colonists were

subjected, the want of shelter and care, the want of food often, and proper treatment, it is most remarkable that they have come down to our times as good as they are. See what old Glover, who lived in those days, says of the mode of keeping stock in Virginia: "All the inhabitants give their cattle in winter is only the husks of their Indian corn, unless it be some of them that have a little *wheat-straw*; neither do they give them any more of these than will serve to keep them alive; by reason whereof they venture into the marshy grounds and swamps for food, where very many are lost." And Clayton, too, also writing considerably more than a century ago, says that "they neither housed nor milked their cows in winter, *having a notion that it would kill them.*"

A Swedish traveller, Kalm, in 1749, says "their cattle are allowed to wander through the woods and uncultivated grounds, where they are half starved, having long ago extirpated almost all the annual grasses by cropping them too early in the spring, before they had time to form their flowers or to shed their seeds." The cattle diminished in size till they became stunted and small, and went under the name of "little runts." Nor did the stock in other parts of the country fare much better. In severe winters many animals died of starvation and want of shelter. No efforts were made at improvement till within a recent period. Less than half a century probably would cover all the systematic attempts that have been made to increase the quality and value of the cattle of the country.

Indeed, no well directed efforts at improvement had been made even in England till towards the close of the last century, when Bakewell "sat in the huge chimney corner of a large kitchen, hung round with the finest joints of his dried oxen, preserved as specimens of proportions." His efforts at improvement were the first, but there was no general interest in the subject. Bakewell was a man of remarkable sagacity and close observation, and it was his aim to establish a new system of animal development. Size in itself was no object with him. He wanted to build up a breed that would yield the greatest amount of salable beef for the food consumed, and to put the beef on the best parts, where it would bring the most money.

It was an old notion that where you had large bones there was plenty of room to lay the flesh on. To Bakewell's mind this was a mistake. He began with the proposition that "the smaller the bone, the truer will be the make of the beast, the quicker she will fatten, and her weight will have a larger proportion of valuable meat," and since his day the greatest physiologists have shown, upon the highest scientific principles, that the formation of a large bony system is the result of defective nutrition.

Bakewell's efforts were directed to the perfection of the long-horns, a class of cattle then found in the midland counties, and his skill and perseverance secured a complete triumph. Then came some enterprising men, who devoted their attention to the short-horns, then known as Durhams, and found along the Teeswater. Little more than three-quarters of a century covers the history of this remarkable breed, now the most fashionable and the most highly cultivated of any in the world. Vast sums of money have been devoted to its improvement, but it has more than repaid them.

The Ayrshire became somewhat noted for its dairy qualities not long after, while the Devon and the Hereford are old original races, indigenous to the localities whose names they bear, but they have been vastly improved within the last half century.

The efforts made in England soon became known in this country, and a desire began to manifest itself to do something to improve the stock of our farms as early as the close of the last century. But it was confined to a few. There was no general interest in this movement. The American farmer had but little idea of the capacity of his stock, under proper management, for the production of milk and beef. He could not appreciate the fact that the cow was, after all, only a machine for production, and that her yield, like any other piece of machinery, was in proportion to the perfection of her system, and the raw material fed to her to obtain this production. The animal economy was little understood.

In another article we propose to speak of the growing interest and information in this branch of rural economy, and to show how far importations of foreign stock have influenced our own, and what sections of the country have experienced the greatest benefits from these importations.

HAIR AND HAIRDRESSING.

WE are told that when Rip Van Winkle returned to his friends after that unavoidable absence, he amazed them by the fashion of his clothes, and they amazed him quite as much in the same way. I fancy, that to a person shut up, say in the Southern States, during the troubles of the past five years, and then suddenly placed in the Academy of Music on the penin

night, a few months ago, the mutual surprise must have been similar. Let us fancy that I am such a person—probably I shall not deny that I am.

When I left New York in December, 1860, women wore their hair in a simple and graceful style, which only elicited comment inasmuch as it was luxuriant, or well-smoothed, or richly colored. I come back to find such monstrous and extraordinary *coiffures* that, in the matter of fashions, I shall only speak to-day of the effect upon my eyes and mind of these curious capillary shapes. My Rip Van Winkleism could get no further than the heads of my countrywomen, and if any one wishes to profit by the unfolding of my impressions on that occasion, let him or her read on.

It was in vain that Miss Kellogg rendered *Margherita* in a way that, a critical friend assured me, would, thirty years hence, indissolubly connect her name with the heroine of "Faust." I answered, "Yes, yes," smiled, and scarcely listened. I know it was very, very musically wicked, but, good heavens! pray make allowance for weak human nature when brought suddenly face to face with the present forests, and fences, and rivulets, and weapons of human hair. Weapons! certainly. If a "waterfall" or "*chignon*," which is as hard, as big, and as round as the demi-spheroid of a sixteen-pounder cannon-ball, cannot be considered in the light of a missile, offensive or defensive, what is?

But even in *Margherita* I soon discovered that there was food for my special line of thought and bewilderment that night. True, her beautiful braids of the traditional blonde hue were as unsophisticated, as guiltless of spangles and glass tails, of "invisible" nets and full-blown roses, of "rats" and gilt bands, as were those of Goethe's Pearl. How, then? Thus. I had left Miss Kellogg a dark-haired young girl, on the eve of her plunge into public life, and this "crown of hair, yellow-golden" costs her, whenever she sports it, a good many dollars and a day's labor. An *artiste en cheveux* in these times turns old-fashioned Dame Nature out of doors whenever he has a mind so to do, or tinges one's locks to suit one's dresses. Benedick need no longer be so obliging as to leave his love's hair to "be of what color it please God;" he can please himself by varying it every day in the week—if he has the money, and she is willing to scorch and dye "woman's greatest ornament," as the advertisements say.

Scorching is a torture and a vexation of daily occurrence, however, in every belle's list of "ways to look pretty," for, as I dreamily glance I around the opera-house, taking in with a sort of stupefaction the variety of wondrous *coiffures*, I still had sense enough to note with distinctness the crisp little *crêpes* which whisper of pincers and hot hair-pins. What a mercy it is that the hair-dressers have steady hands! Otherwise branded brows would become rather a mark of fashion, to the detriment of poetical speech. How distressing for an admirer to be forced to allude to that forehead, "white as snow, where" the curling-tongs "have set their seal!" Curling-tongs *viz* "innocence," "intellect," "sweetness," etc., crowded out long since by the exigencies of the *mal peignée*.

Gradually my mind and powers generally rose to a proper appreciation of what woman will endure in a good cause, and at length having, as I thought, finely compassed the subject, I opened my lips; I took up my parable and thus spake:

"Oh, my friend! how long has this been going on? How long have my countrywomen studied the hideous, as being the proper style during these terrible years of suffering and sorrow? They wore these 'so-called' adornments, they disfigured themselves, to drive the men into the field, did they not? Was it not a splendid exercise of that feminine courage—the moral courage which stops at no needful sacrifice—to rob themselves of grace and charm, beginning at their very heads, so as to induce their lovers and husbands to fly from such Medusas? I look upon them with reverence! Southern women knitted socks, and ate corn-bread, and, I regret to say, talked very fiercely against their Northern kinsfolk, and they girded on the swords of their sweethearts and of every man they saw, and cheered them 'to the front;' but it never occurred to the silly creatures to make themselves so ugly and ridiculous that 'camps' should be a relief to the wounded eyes of all mankind.

"Yes, I can fancy that a man might be brought to march up to a 'masked battery,' but never, willingly, to that patriotic lady without a mask who has her waterfall tied up in five yards of scarlet ribbon; who wears a gilt butterfly above one ear, and a humming-bird over the other; whose 'rats' are crowned with a row of curls and three white roses, and who 'carries weight' besides, in the shape of two ear-rings seemingly just plucked from the chandelier-lustres!

Her eyes are blue—(very pale blue),
Her nose is—red,

Yes; I can understand that her husband worshipped the flag, and was perfectly resigned to die under its folds!"

As I paused, breathless, my companion broke in with a deep-toned prophecy:

"I shall yet see you, O scoffer! even such as these are! But you are indeed casting a retrospective glance. To-night you are gazing on fragmentary portions of a 'has been.' A decree has gone forth, so I am told, against that invention of infinite variety—the waterfall. No longer shall it take its obtrusive place upon the spinal column of the fair sex; already there is a change perceptible—the waterfall of last winter is not the *chignon* of this autumn. That was drooping and expansive, this is shooting off and tightly packed. It is, as you justly remarked, 'tied up' with rather the air of a cotton bale—such a looking thing, in a word, as a pincushion made for a bazaar, and to represent the defunct 'king' whose reputed power has caused such mischief. Standing away from the nape of the neck as this 'ornament' now does, it is said to be in the Grecian style, and that is why those antique bands of purest brass encircle the head. Those are Grecian, too."

I bowed assentingly.

"If you wish, therefore, to study the future, and not the fast-fleeting present, turn your eyes to that lady recently returned from Europe. She sits in an attitude much admired in Paris, which, therefore, she refuses to quit for one instant. Her poor neck must be sadly tired of that twist; but one night, while abroad, she so sat, and it was considered 'effective.' She will never sit otherwise again in public. You observed that her head is an exact reproduction of the Empress Josephine's. Eugénie is—may I say it?—played out. Having admired Josephine, I will next show you Madame d'Abrantes. She is also just from Paris. Now, you must make up your mind to put a thick braid just across your forehead, and then below that a fringe of tiny curls running all about your head. You must bandage said head as if suffering from intense neuralgia, and if, when you get through, you are supposed to have enough hair to fill a bushel-basket, and yet well 'kept under,' why, you will do!"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "These fashions are absurd, costly, unbecoming. I shall never . . . etc., etc., etc."

Alas! the next week I was at Dibblee's having my hair dressed!

I already wore two rats and "the demi-spheroid *chignon*," and while the accomplished forewoman was assuring me of the "silky softness of my hair," and its "exquisite color" (she had just "pinched it on burning pins"), I entered into negotiations with her to exchange some former fancy ball ringlets, which did not match my own, for the newest style of "thick braid and fringe of tiny curls!"

Swept along on the mad current of modish taste and flattery, I paid the penalty of inconsistency and weakness.

The forewoman swore by the nine gods that "hair which had been worn lost its value;" poor little Crow as I was, I never asked Miss Fox if the hair they sold grew on trees. I was horribly cheated, and dropped my cheese as easily and complacently as my prototype.

Moral No. 1. Never rail against a fashion; rest assured that if that puissant it ordains that the sweetest and prettiest head-dress is an old shoe, you will find yourself very soon walking about the world with your oldest pair jauntily balanced on your flowing locks.

Moral No. 2 is so simple that I will not insult the intellect of my readers by suggesting it.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

MANY years ago Dr. Arnold, while lamenting the decay of a relish for, and interest in, sound literature, perceptible among the youth under his charge at Rugby, attributed the falling off to the general circulation of books of a frivolous cast, especially serial works published in numbers, as the novels of Dickens, etc., which penetrated everywhere and left the minds of their readers utterly indisposed for graver studies. Twenty or thirty years' experience has shown a lower depth of degradation in public taste. The dreary trash that is known as "comic" literature forms the best-paying and most extensively sold class of books now produced. "Artemus Ward" is purchased by myriads, and "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" is advertised as in its "ninetieth thousand." These are only samples of a class too numerous to mention. The effect of this circulation is so visible as to call for remark in the report of the Parliamentary Committee on Public Education in England. One of the late Eton masters says: "The taste for good English literature has sensibly declined at public schools; cheap and worthless novels form the staple of a modern school-boy's reading when he

reads for his own amusement. Formerly any average boy of ordinary taste at Eton, on leaving school, had read most of the English poets, and a great deal of English history as well as other literature. I know very well that the boys used greedily to devour every poem of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Southey, and other modern poets, as fast as they came out. The boys used to spend a great deal of their pocket-money in buying English books. Dante, Tasso, and other Italian authors were read by many. The old English dramatists, a good deal of Dryden, a great deal of Pope, and an immense deal of other English poetry were then read at Eton; but now, I doubt whether you could find many boys out of the whole eight hundred that Eton contains who have read ten plays of Shakespeare."

—The New York Historical Society has recently received a donation of peculiar value and appropriateness from General John Watts Depeyster, author of a "History of Carausius," and of other valuable monographs connected with the land of his ancestors. He has just presented to the society his entire collection of Dutch books and works relating to the history of Holland, amounting to several hundred volumes, brought together in Europe, at a large expenditure of time and money, for his own purposes of literary research. From the limited range of readers that it counts, books in the language of Holland are always rare in other countries of Europe, and the well-known patriotism of the Dutch induces them to place a high pecuniary value on the works that contain the records of their country's glory. This gift undoubtedly makes the library of the Historical Society the richest collection in the United States of books that illustrate the native country of the colonists of "Nieuw Amsterdam," whose traditional remains and relics find shelter in the halls of the institution devoted to memories of the past.

—To all interested in the great names of English life and literature for the past three-quarters of a century, the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, from 1783 to 1852," form very pleasant reading. The editress, Lady Theresa Lewis, might, perhaps, in the exercise of a severer judgment, have retrenched some of the diaries of foreign travel that have now only a historical interest to recommend them, but enough remains in the pictures of English society to give delightful glimpses of persons that the world is not yet tired of hearing about. Sydney Smith is one of these, and several of his inimitable letters testify to his friendship for the sisters who formed a connecting-link between the social life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1824 they paid him a visit at his Yorkshire vicarage of Foston, the creation of his own hands, and called by his friends the ugliest but most comfortable house in England. A literary rarity, a poem by Sydney Smith, was written at this time. In it Virgil's sixth eclogue, where Silenus is bound by two shepherds, and only released on condition of imparting to them the lessons of his experience, is humorously travestied—"Vernon and Beverley, two graceful swains," representing the shepherds, and "Sidneian Smith" himself the wizard sage. It is given at length in the journal, and we extract some passages relating to his improvements in his remote parsonage, where he describes himself as "twelve miles from a lemon." They will recall to most the amusing details given by his daughter, Lady Holland, in her charming biography of her father. Sydney *loquitur*:

"When first I came to Foston, gentle swains,
Chaos and night possessed these fertile plains;
Clods were unformed, and plough was quite unknown;
Verdure ne'er sprang, and Phoebus never shone;
Chaos I chased away with all his storms,
Then things at last assumed their present forms:
Trees rose, woods waved, and animals began
To roam abroad, and know their master, man.
The plough, the drill, the pickaxe, and the spade,
These fields, these pastures, and this plenty made;
Where unformed matter lay, now node you corn,
And oats and turnips all these hills adorn.
Then might you see bricks baking at my will;
I formed you cow-house with my plastic skill:
These walls are mine, and all the joys they know
Spring from my arts, and from my prudence grow.

The poker, tongs, and shovel—rebels three,
Whom on my hearth suspended from you see,
Who for four centuries mankind defied—
Have bent to me: I checked their noisy pride,
I hooked their noses, I reduced their reign;
Ne'er shall you see them tumble down again;
Ne'er shall you hear their cursed outrageous din;
With me, your peace and their repose begin.

That leaned scratching-pole that yonder stands
Owes its existence to my curious hands:
Framed for all animals, or great or small,
It perfect satisfaction gives to all;
Their rumps, their tails, their flea-bit backs confess
How e'en in scratching-poles a priest may bless.

I know all drugs, all simples, and all pills;
I cure diseases, and I send no bills;
The poor old women now no lameness know;
Rheumatics leave their hand, the gout their toe.
Fell atrophy has fled from Foston plains,
And health, and peace, and joy, and love prevails."

—Mr. T. H. Morell, of 134 Fulton Street, whose re-impression of the original edition of Colden's "History of the Indian Nations" is among the choicest of the modern reprints of rare and unique books, has opened proposals for publishing by subscription a new theatrical history, entitled "Records of the New York Stage, Historical and Biographical, from 1750 to 1860." We are not sufficiently acquainted with current literary history to say who it is that, under the initials H. N. D., is announced as the author, but the fulness of detail with which the subject will be treated is shown by the anticipated size of the book. It is expected to form two octavo volumes of about 600 pages each. The edition will consist of two hundred copies in octavo, and sixty in quarto. It commences two years before the period occupied by Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre," and comes down fifty years later. As a book of dramatic and literary reference it bids fair to equal—making allowance for the more limited subject—that curious monument of persevering industry, "Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830," in ten volumes octavo (1832). The author, of whom nothing is recorded except his name and profession, the Rev. John Geneste, a clergyman of Bath, gives in this work an abstract of the play-bills of the leading London theatres on every night of performance for one hundred and seventy years, and also a synopsis of the plot of every dramatic piece published in England, with biographies of actors and actresses, etc. Many years' labor at the British Museum were devoted to the collection of materials for the work. The singular choice of subject for a clergyman seems to have indisposed the public to acknowledge its usefulness as a book of reference, and copies formerly sold for little more than their value as waste paper. It is now rather rising in price, and deserves a place in every collection where English literature is a special object.

—Now that once more we have "peace brooding o'er the hushed domain," poetry is re-assuming its place among the cherished gratifications that the world so freely expatiates in the enjoyment of, when the pressure of impending momentous events is once removed. A new volume, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is now in press, and will appear about December 1. It will comprise the well-known "War Lyrics," "Lyrics of the Heart," and many new poems by this authoress. A collected edition of the poems of Henry Howard Brownell is also announced, and will be welcome to all who have made acquaintance with his stirring lyrics in their detached and separate shapes. Nor are the elder masters of song forgotten. The "Poems Relating to the American Revolution," by Philip Freneau, now in press by Mr. W. J. Widdleton, under the scholarly editing of Evert A. Duyckinck, will introduce to many readers of the present generation one whom their fathers were accustomed to regard with feelings that the present era can hardly see reproduced. The collection is made from the scattered remains of Freneau, the historical poems never having been brought together before. They will be illustrated with notes and an introductory memoir by the editor. It is intended to be followed by a second volume in uniform style, including the Indian poems, the humorous, sentimental, and miscellaneous poems, so as to form a complete presentment of the genius of an author whose influence in the affairs of his time would alone impart a lasting value to his works, independently of their intrinsic merit.

—The characteristic and national manifestation of the genius of an epoch known collectively as the Elizabethan drama seems destined to make the tour of the world, and to meet with recognition among nations who have, in other things, scarcely a single principle of taste in common. Anglo-Saxon America shows its devotion by spontaneous contributions for a monument to Shakespeare, at the very time when a similar proposition in his native country was unsuccessfully brought forward and met with nothing but indifference and neglect. Teutonic Germany has long been known as yielding the warmest adherents to this study, so that it is not remarkable to hear of a meeting of a new Shakespeare society at Weimar, numbering one hundred and twenty members, mostly distinguished literary men, with Dr. Ulrich, the learned commentator on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," for its secretary, whose objects are the collection of a Shakespeare library and the issuing of a "Shakespeare Annual," dedicated to the illustration of the poet and his works. Romanic France has at last caught the infection, and a Shakespeare Club for similar purposes is among the late institutions at Paris. One of its members has even ventured to widen the sphere of knowledge by presenting his countrymen with a volume entitled "Contemporains de Shakespeare, J. Webster et J. Ford," comprising translations of "The White Devil: or, Vittoria Corombrona," and the "Duchess of Malfy," by the former, and "The Broken Heart," by Ford. We have not met with the volume, but to see Charles Lamb's most favorite plays turned into French must be a curiosity. As might be expected, they prove to be rather too "strong meat" for the classical taste of the French critics, one of whom, in

the "Revue Contemporaine," manifests an amusing disgust at the "chaos abominable" of murders, poisonings, stranglings, stabbings, etc., that fill, in deadly confusion, the scenes of Webster's gloomy tragedies. The same critic, however, intelligently notices the superiority of Ford in pathos and feeling, and singles out for commendation the concluding scene of "The Broken Heart," so familiar to all readers of Lamb's "Specimens."

—Another recent example of translation from the English must have been almost as difficult to execute as the conveying to Frenchmen a just idea of the Gothic grandeur of Webster and Ford, namely, Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," which figure in the Paris book announcements as "Sous les Rideaux." In sheer bewilderment the critic speaks of it as a "*liere humoristique*" which must have merit or it would not have attracted a writer so *spirituel* as the translator, M. Albert Leroy. He describes it as consisting of "trente-six sermons" by "Madame Panade," without apparently penetrating their real significance. A writer far more likely to be appreciated in France is Anthony Trollope, whose simplicity, clearness, and general good taste in narration have much in common with the best French school of fiction. "La Ferme d'Orley" ("Orley Farm") accordingly occupies the place of honor in one of the leading literary journals.

—A French antiquarian, Mons. J. Berjeau, distinguished for his profound researches in typographical antiquities, has printed in London a work that fills a vacant niche in biography, "Catalogue Illustrée des Livres Xylographiques." It gives a full account, with collations and fac-similes, of the curious productions known as "Block Books," whose appearance in the fifteenth century heralded the advent of printing. These books are so called from the letterpress being, not printed from movable type, but cut on wooden blocks, in connection with the illustrations, in the precise manner used by the Chinese at the present day. About forty distinct works remain extant that were executed in this manner in Latin, German, Flemish, French, etc., but the different editions and varieties of impressions are very numerous, and form a battle-ground for disputants who engage in the long enduring contest about the invention of printing—when and where it was first practised—as the block books are indubitably the first stage in the progress of the infant art. No English block book is known. They are none of them dated, but most probably appeared between 1400 and 1450. The subjects of them are various, but they mostly relate to matters suitable for the instruction of the people, particularly the best known of them, the "Biblia Pauperum," or Bible for the Poor, a synopsis of Scripture history adapted to popular comprehension. A copy of this work was purchased by a New York amateur, celebrated for his Biblical collections, for £110 some years since, and we believe he has since procured other editions. Of many of the block books only one or two copies are known, and they must, from their mode of production, and the associations connected with them, always remain among the choicer ornaments of curious libraries. M. Berjeau's catalogue is limited to an edition of one hundred copies, twenty-five of which only are for public sale.

—Dr. Livingstone's new book of African travel, delayed in its appearance last spring in consequence of the time required for the preparation of the maps and illustrations, is now publishing in London by Murray, and may daily be expected to make its appearance from Messrs. Harpers' establishment. Its title is "The Zambesi and its Tributaries, and the Discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864," by David and Charles Livingstone, the two brothers, of whom the latter is known to many among us as a former resident of the United States. Dr. Livingstone states that the chief object kept steadily in view in the work was to give as accurate an account as he was able of tracts of country previously unexplored, with their river systems, natural productions, and capabilities; and to bring before his countrymen and all interested in the cause of humanity the misery entailed by that curse of Africa, the slave trade, in its inland phases; a subject on which he and his companions are the first who have had any opportunities for forming a judgment. It is an honorable thing for the American book-trade that the republishers of Dr. Livingstone's book secure to the Doctor's family a percentage on the sales equal to what any English publisher could fairly be expected to offer, and this although their edition of his first book was pirated and their profits interfered with by some irresponsible parties.

—Dr. William Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible, for the use of Families and Students," is destined to meet with a sale in this country of immense extent. The bulk and expense of the original work, in three massive octavos, necessarily limited its use to professional men, and book-buyers who had both money and space at command. The results, however, of this great work are now condensed in one compact volume, where general readers and students will find all the necessary information for the elucidation

and explanation of the Bible. Like the original work, the "Concise Dictionary of the Bible" is imported by Messrs. Little & Brown, of Boston, in quantities so large that they are enabled to offer copies of the English edition at the low price of six dollars, which, at the usual rates, would cost ten dollars and a half to procure from England by the single book.

—Some one has found out a use for large-paper books. The friends of Alfred B. Street, the poet, are getting up a testimonial edition of "Frontenac," his narrative poem, to be printed in quarto size, on the best paper, with large margin and new type, rubricated title, and a steel engraving of the author. Only three hundred copies will be issued, all to subscribers only. The prospectus of the work contains a sentence so naïve that it is impossible to avoid quoting it. "It is needless to speak of the merits of the poem itself; it having been published by the celebrated Bentley, of London, is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence, even were Mr. Street's position as a poet not fully recognized." Apparently there must be some confusion in the writer's mind between Dr. Bentley the great critic, and his namesake the publisher. At all events, he has never heard the very well-worn joke, according to which, when Mr. Bentley set up his magazine, he consulted James Smith about the title, saying he had determined at first to call it "The Wits' Miscellany," but on second thoughts preferred the name (afterwards adopted) of "Bentley's Miscellany." "Is not that going a little too far the other way?" said the wit.

—The new illustrated edition of "Legends and Lyrics," by the late Adelaide Anne Proctor, the "golden-tressed Adelaide" of her father's song, will be prepared with an introduction by Charles Dickens, his first appearance in the editorial capacity, appropriate in this instance because the earliest efforts of Miss Proctor's genius saw the light in "Household Words." The illustrations comprise a fine portrait of the author, and drawings by Millais, Keene, Dumourier, Tenniel, and other popular artists. It is published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.*

THIS work is founded upon the manuscripts of Sir William Johnson, some seven thousand of which have been preserved, and is entitled, therefore, to the rank of an original contribution to American history. As such its place is an important one, for it tells the story of an important period, contains much information not to be found elsewhere, throws new light upon interesting questions, and corrects various errors, both of fact and of judgment, which could only be corrected by reference to original and authentic documents. Its subject was a very remarkable man, and, like all remarkable men, is best studied in his own letters.

Sir William Johnson was born at Warrentown, in the county of Down, Ireland, in 1715; came to America in 1738, as the land-agent of his uncle, Captain—afterwards Admiral—Sir Peter Warren, who had purchased a large estate in the valley of the Mohawk; began his fortune-making in a small country store; and died in 1774, a baronet of England, and, except the Penns, probably the largest landholder in the American colonies. We have only to call to mind what the valley of the Mohawk was in 1738 to see what a combination of energy, judgment, enterprise, and that good fortune which follows close upon the footsteps of skilful industry, was required to make it what it had become in 1774.

But Sir William Johnson was more than the accumulator of vast possessions. The times to which he belongs cover a period of great events, if not of great men; a period of two desolating wars—the old French war and the war of the conquest of Canada; and the period, also, of that gradual alienation of the colonies from the mother country which led to the War of Independence. The part which he performed during these eventful years required a force of character which is seldom combined with the power of adaptation, a watchful self-control which seems almost to exclude adventurous impulse, and a faith in Christian civilization which was often strangely at variance with the heathen and barbarian associations of his daily life. But without the power of adaptation he would never have obtained his unbounded control over the mind of the Indian; without adventurous impulse he would have shrunk from the hazards and excitements of the border; and without an abiding faith in Christianity and civilization he would not have been able to preserve that moral strength which, in despite of aberrations and shortcomings almost inseparable from his position, raised him so far above the greater part of those with whom he was brought into contact both as a public and as a private man.

It will be evident even from this hasty glance that his life is one of those

* "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart. By William L. Stone." Albany: J. Munsell. 1865. Pp. 555, 544, 8vo.

which present peculiar attractions and peculiar difficulties to the biographer. As a public man, it becomes necessary to tell in it all that is required to be known of public events in order to make his part in them intelligible. As the life of a private man, it should contain such a detail of daily habits and pursuits, and such a view of moral and intellectual peculiarities, as to bring him before us as a being of the same feelings and passions with ourselves. The attractions are the individual characteristics of the man and the modes of their manifestation; the difficulties consist in preserving throughout the narrative such a subordination of incident to character as to prevent the reader from losing sight of the man in the events with which he was connected. It is upon this rock that so many biographers have been wrecked. The volumes before us, with all their merit, have not escaped it.

These volumes are the production of two men, having been begun by the father more than twenty years ago, and finished, as an act of filial piety, by the son within the last year. The first seven chapters were written by the former, the remaining thirty by the latter. In conception, therefore, the work belongs to the father; the greater part of the execution of it to the son. As the elder Mr. Stone conceived his subject, it required a union of the distinctive characteristics of annals, biography, and history; and hence his seven chapters contain a great deal that is new, and important, and interesting about the history of the Six Nations and the colonial history of New York. His son has followed faithfully in his footsteps, and the fluctuations of feeling among the savages, the contests between Governor Clinton and the New York Assembly, and the various expeditions for the subjugation of Canada, are related with much minuteness of detail, and not unfrequently with a correction, from original documents, of errors into which previous writers had fallen for the want of them. As a general history of the Indian relations of the period it possesses the value of a distinct and accurate narrative.

But here the inherent error of the plan appears. In this general history you lose sight of the individual whose name stands upon the title-page. It is not a biography of Sir William Johnson, but a history of events in many of which Sir William Johnson bore a part more or less prominent, while with many others he had no direct connection, and hardly even an indirect one. As a mediator between the white man and the Indian, he performed an important work, often averting dangers which no one else could have averted, and healing dissensions which no one else could have healed. But in all this he was the executor of the will of other men, looking to them for his instructions, and responsible to them for the fulfilment of them. The life of Washington is the history of the War of Independence, for his controlling influence was felt throughout the whole course of it. The Seven Years' War is a chapter in the life of Frederick, for, to whatever phase of it we turn, his eagle eye and cynic smile meet us in the foreground. And Michael Angelo so stamped his own mind upon the mind of his age that you can understand neither its sculpture, nor its painting, nor its architecture, nor even its poetry, without a record of the thoughts and acts of that informing spirit. But Sir William Johnson was neither the originator nor the controller of the great events of his time. The study of causes carries us to other men, and often far away from the banks of the Mohawk. His negotiations with the Six Nations hardly justify a narrative of the siege of Louisbourg or the capture of Quebec, much less of the battle of the Great Meadows or the unfortunate attack upon Havana. It is not to the biography of a subordinate, however remarkable, that we should naturally go for the history of his times.

We regret this mistake the more in the life of Sir William Johnson, inasmuch as his life affords abundant materials for a picturesque and animated narrative. His intercourse with the greatest of all the Indian confederacies was filled with scenes and incidents that address themselves to the imagination with all the force of romance. His influence over them was founded upon physical, intellectual, and moral superiority. He mingled in their sports, and they admired him for his feats of activity and strength. He sat with them in council, and they received his opinions with respect, and listened to his eloquence with conviction. He taught them that his word was a sacred pledge, and they told him, "We believe you, for you have never deceived us." His relations to them were so important in their consequences, so interesting in their nature, so remarkable for their duration, and so instructive as an illustration of the power of civilized man over his uncivilized brother, that we long for a closer view of him than Mr. Stone has given us—a view that will make us feel as if we had seen him with our own eyes and listened to him with our own ears. Freely as Mr. Stone has drawn from his documents, we regret that he has not drawn still more freely from those letters and diaries which evidently contain so much of the man and would seem to afford the materials for so picturesque and animated

a narrative. Why look at so poetical a subject from so prosaic a point of view?

But accepting that point of view, Mr. Stone has executed his task diligently and well. The arrangement of the materials is sufficiently clear, and his narrative, though neither very animated nor very graceful, is never tedious nor dull. Here and there we have observed inelegances, and, still more frequently, those inequalities which mar the effect of description and narrative by bringing dissimilar styles into the same paragraph. Thus on pp. 479-480, vol. 1, after a plain and unadorned summary of the measures which brought on the war, we are told that "scarcely had its (the French fleet's) sails caught the ocean breezes when" the English started in pursuit. In the thirteenth chapter we find the story of the battle of the Great Meadows, a story so recently told by Bancroft and Irving that the repetition of it was hardly called for in a life of Sir William Johnson. Yet, although the narrative has more warmth, and is pitched in a somewhat higher key than many other parts of the work, it is hardly pitched high enough to bear so rhetorical a sentence as—"As soon as the genial rays of the sun had unlocked the icy chains which bound the Western streams, Colonel Washington set out from Alexandria with two companies, all that had been collected." Something above the usual tenor of the narrative might, perhaps, be looked for in the relation of Johnson's own campaign, but we must be allowed to question both the good taste and the literal accuracy of—"The wild flowers of the forest bent beneath the rude tread of armed men." As far as our own observation has extended, we should say that the effect of such a pressure upon wild flowers, as well as upon cultivated flowers, would be to crush rather than to bend them. We are told in a very calmly moving sentence on p. 520, that "many of the French in the vicinity of Fort Frederick bit the dust;" on p. 58, vol. 2, of "horrors which the pen shrinks from depicting;" on p. 68, that "the spectacle was full of life and animation, and withal very imposing;" on p. 130, "Thus before the foliage had put on the rich tints of autumn the reduction of Canada was complete;" on p. 179, that "Dalzell proceeded on his voyage and appeared like a beneficent Avatar before the eyes of the garrison."

Now, to some of these passages we have strong objections as forms of expression: "bit the dust," graphic as the dying man's biting may appear in Homer's *ψυχὸν δ' ἔλε γὰρ κόν' ὀδοῖσιν*, is neither graphic nor accurate in modern war; and a pen that "shrinks," however horrible the story, is hardly a conceivable thing in these days of steel and gold with diamond points. But our chief objection to these passages is that they are not in keeping with the general style of the work, a style perfectly distinct, generally even, and never unpleasant, except when it offends your sense of harmony by a sentence for which nothing that precedes it had prepared you and which nothing that follows it supports.

We could have wished, also, a more accurate mode of reference. Smollet, Bancroft, and Graham are not sufficiently accurate indications of authorities. A very trifling increase of labor would have made verification easy by adding volume, page, and edition, and verification of references is a part of his duty which no careful reader of history will omit.

MR. WALT WHITMAN.*

It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it. Perhaps since the day of Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" there has been no more difficult reading of the poetic sort. It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry. Like hundreds of other good patriots, during the last four years, Mr. Walt Whitman has imagined that a certain amount of violent sympathy with the great deeds and sufferings of our soldiers, and of admiration for our national energy, together with a ready command of picturesque language, are sufficient inspiration for a poet. If this were the case, we had been a nation of poets. The constant developments of the war moved us continually to strong feeling and to strong expression of it. But in those cases in which these expressions were written out and printed with all due regard to prosody, they failed to make poetry, as any one may see by consulting now in cold blood the back volumes of the "Rebellion Record." Of course the city of Manhattan, as Mr. Whitman delights to call it, when regiments poured through it in the first months of the war, and its own sole god, to borrow the words of a real poet, ceased for a while to be the millionaire, was a noble spectacle, and a poetical statement to this effect is possible. Of course the tumult of a battle is grand, the results of a battle tragic, and the untimely deaths of young men a theme for elegies. But he is not a poet who merely reiterates these plain facts *ore rotundo*. He only

* "Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps." New York. 1865.

sings them worthily who views them from a height. Every tragic event collects about it a number of persons who delight to dwell upon its superficial points—of minds which are bullied by the accidents of the affair. The temper of such minds seems to us to be the reverse of the poetic temper; for the poet, although he incidentally masters, grasps, and uses the superficial traits of his theme, is really a poet only in so far as he extracts its latent meaning and holds it up to common eyes. And yet from such minds most of our war-verses have come, and Mr. Whitman's utterances, much as the assertion may surprise his friends, are in this respect no exception to general fashion. They are an exception, however, in that they openly pretend to be something better; and this it is that makes them melancholy reading. Mr. Whitman is very fond of blowing his own trumpet, and he has made very explicit claims for his book. "Shut not your doors," he exclaims at the outset—

"Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,
For that which was lacking among you all, yet needed most, I bring;
A book I have made for your dear sake, O soldiers,
And for you, O soul of man, and you, love of comrades;
The words of my book nothing, the life of it everything;
A book separate, not link'd with the rest, nor felt by the intellect;
But you will feel every word, O Libertad! arm'd Libertad!
It shall pass by the intellect to swim the sea, the air,
With joy with you, O soul of man."

These are great pretensions, but it seems to us that the following are even greater:

"From Paumanok starting, I fly like a bird,
Around and around to soar, to sing the idea of all;
To the north betaking myself, to sing there arctic songs,
To Kanada, 'till I absorb Kanada in myself—to Michigan then,
To Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, to sing their songs (they are inimitable);
Then to Ohio and Indiana, to sing theirs—to Missouri and Kansas and Arkansas to sing theirs,
To Tennessee and Kentucky—to the Carolinas and Georgia, to sing theirs,
To Texas, and so along up toward California, to roam accepted everywhere;
To sing first (to the tap of the war-drum, if need be)
The idea of all—of the western world, one and inseparable,
And then the song of each member of these States."

Mr. Whitman's primary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of our armies; his secondary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of the city of New York. He pursues these objects through a hundred pages of matter which remind us irresistibly of the story of the college professor who, on a venture-some youth's bringing him a theme done in blank verse, reminded him that it was not customary in writing prose to begin each line with a capital. The frequent capitals are the only marks of verse in Mr. Whitman's writing. There is, fortunately, but one attempt at rhyme. We say fortunately, for if the inequality of Mr. Whitman's lines were self-registering, as it would be in the case of an anticipated syllable at their close, the effect would be painful in the extreme. As the case stands, each line starts off by itself, in resolute independence of its companions, without a visible goal. But if Mr. Whitman does not write verse, he does not write ordinary prose. The reader has seen that liberty is "Libertad." In like manner, comrade is "camerado," Americans are "Americanos," a pavement is a "trottoir," and Mr. Whitman himself is a "chansonniér." If there is one thing that Mr. Whitman is not, it is this, for Béranger was a *chansonniér*. To appreciate the force of our conjunction, the reader should compare his military lyrics with Mr. Whitman's declamations. Our author's novelty, however, is not in his words, but in the form of his writing. As we have said, it begins for all the world like verse and turns out to be arrant prose. It is more like Mr. Tupper's proverbs than anything we have met. But what if, in form, it is prose? it may be asked. Very good poetry has come out of prose before this. To this we would reply that it must first have gone into it. Prose, in order to be good poetry, must first be good prose. As a general principle, we know of no circumstance more likely to impugn a writer's earnestness than the adoption of an anomalous style. He must have something very original to say if none of the old vehicles will carry his thoughts. Of course he may be surprisingly original. Still, presumption is against him. If on examination the matter of his discourse proves very valuable, it justifies, or at any rate excuses, his literary innovation.

But if, on the other hand, it is of a common quality, with nothing new about it but its manners, the public will judge the writer harshly. The most that can be said of Mr. Whitman's vaticinations is, that, cast in a fluent and familiar manner, the average substance of them might escape unchallenged. But we have seen that Mr. Whitman prides himself especially on the substance—the life—of his poetry. It may be rough, it may be grim, it may be clumsy—such we take to be the author's argument—but it is sincere, it is sublime, it appeals to the soul of man, it is the voice of a people. He tells

us, in the lines quoted, that the words of his book are nothing. To our perception they are everything, and very little at that. A great deal of verse that is nothing but words has, during the war, been sympathetically sighed over and cut out of newspaper corners, because it has possessed a certain simple melody. But Mr. Whitman's verse, we are confident, would have failed even of this triumph, for the simple reason that no triumph, however small, is won but through the exercise of art, and that this volume is an offense against art. It is not enough to be grim and rough and careless; common sense is also necessary, for it is by common sense that we are judged. There exists in even the commonest minds, in literary matters, a certain precise instinct of conservatism, which is very shrewd in detecting wanton eccentricities. To this instinct Mr. Whitman's attitude seems monstrous. It is monstrous because it pretends to persuade the soul while it slights the intellect; because it pretends to gratify the feelings while it outrages the taste. The point is that it does this *on theory*, wilfully, consciously, arrogantly. It is the little nursery game of "open your mouth and shut your eyes." Our hearts are often touched through a compromise with the artistic sense, but never in direct violation of it. Mr. Whitman sits down at the outset and counts out the intelligence. This were indeed a wise precaution on his part if the intelligence were only submissive! But when she is deliberately insulted, she takes her revenge by simply standing erect and open-eyed. This is assuredly the best she can do. And if she could find a voice she would probably address Mr. Whitman as follows: "You came to woo my sister, the human soul. Instead of giving me a kick as you approach, you should either greet me courteously, or, at least, steal in unobserved. But now you have me on your hands. Your chances are poor. What the human heart desires above all is sincerity, and you do not appear to me sincere. For a lover you talk entirely too much about yourself. In one place you threaten to absorb Kanada. In another you call upon the city of New York to incarnate you, as you have incarnated it. In another you inform us that neither youth pertains to you nor 'delicately,' that you are awkward in the parlor, that you do not dance, and that you have neither bearing, beauty, knowledge, nor fortune. In another place, by an allusion to your 'little songs,' you seem to identify yourself with the third person of the Trinity. For a poet who claims to sing 'the idea of all,' this is tolerably egotistical. We look in vain, however, through your book for a single idea. We find nothing but flashy imitations of ideas. We find a medley of extravagances and commonplaces. We find art, measure, grace, sense sneered at on every page, and nothing positive given us in their stead. To be positive one must have something to say; to be positive requires reason, labor, and art; and art requires, above all things, a suppression of one's self, a subordination of one's self to an idea. This will never do for you, whose plan is to adapt the scheme of the universe to your own limitations. You cannot entertain and exhibit ideas; but, as we have seen, you are prepared to incarnate them. It is for this reason, doubtless, that when once you have planted yourself squarely before the public, and in view of the great service you have done to the ideal, have become, as you say, 'accepted everywhere,' you can afford to deal exclusively in words. What would be bald nonsense and dreary platitudes in any one else becomes sublimity in you. But all this is a mistake. To become adopted as a national poet, it is not enough to discard everything in particular and to accept everything in general, to amass crudity upon crudity, to discharge the undigested contents of your blotting-book into the lap of the public. You must respect the public which you address; for it has taste, if you have not. It delights in the grand, the heroic, and the masculine; but it delights to see these conceptions cast into worthy form. It is indifferent to brute sublimity. It will never do for you to thrust your hands into your pockets and cry out that, as the research of form is an intolerable bore, the shortest and most economical way for the public to embrace its idols—for the nation to realize its genius—is in your own person. This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war, and practised human nature's best in so many ways for the last five years, it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards. To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough to have served in a hospital (however praiseworthy the task in itself), to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant, and to be constantly preoccupied with yourself. It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious. You must forget yourself in your ideas. Your personal qualities—the vigor of your temperament, the manly independence of your nature, the tenderness of your heart—these facts are impertinent. You must be *possessed*, and you must strive to possess your possession. If in your striving you break into divine eloquence, then you are a poet. If the idea which possesses you is the idea of your country's greatness, then you are a national poet; and not otherwise."

McCOSH ON INTUITIONS.*

THE philosophical and religious writings of Dr. McCosh have already secured for him a prominent position among living thinkers, and considerable influence both in Great Britain and America. The present work exhibits so much ability, good sense, and philosophical acumen that it will doubtless increase his reputation and prove him a worthy successor of the distinguished metaphysicians who have rendered his native land famous in the contests of philosophy. Though in many respects original, professing to follow no school, and in reality independent in its spirit of all authority but that of the religious truths in behalf of which it is written, this work is nevertheless substantially a development from the Scottish school. The author regards in the same light with this school the range and province of metaphysical enquiry, and treats the doctrines of all other schools in the same spirit. He finds in the writings of Reid and Stewart, it is true, statements which would logically "land us in very serious consequences," but with the essence of their doctrines, and especially with the natural realism of Sir William Hamilton, he strongly sympathizes, though he goes somewhat beyond Hamilton in his theory of immediate consciousness.

His principal problem appears to have been to discover a theory of consciousness which shall assure us of as much as possible without carrying our assent over into the extremes to which the statements of philosophers are too often logically liable. A theory which shall assure us of the reality and permanence of the external world without leading us into materialism, or into a belief in the absolute permanence of matter; which shall assure us of the reality of cause and effect and the existence of power in the world without carrying our assent over to the "dismal consequences" to which Kant's analysis of causation appears to lead; a theory which shall guarantee us a knowledge of substance or substantive reality, without upsetting our personality and landing us in pantheism; and a theory which, at the same time, shall be free from the psychological objections which, since the time of Locke, have been urged against certain forms of the doctrine of intuitive universal truths.

A fundamental principle of Dr. McCosh's system is that the mind always begins with the concrete, the singular, and the individual in its acquisition of knowledge, and arrives at universal truths—not, indeed, as the *results* of a process, but in the course of a process, in which the elements of universal judgments must be produced by particular experiences and special judgments. These particulars are, however, of such a nature that they warrant the universal judgment, not by the cumulative force of experience, but by the inherent force of each particular conviction, which comes from a power in the mind, and only awaits the formation of the proper formula by generalization in order to pronounce a decision of a universal character.

The author thus avoids the objections which have been so often urged against the doctrine of innate ideas. Universal judgments exist, he thinks, in the mind originally only as laws of our mental faculties, determining them to "look for" certain facts which are really universal, but are only discovered in individual cases; and the individual decisions carry in them the truth of the universal.

Having thus defined intuitive knowledge, our author proceeds to show how such knowledge can be distinguished from other kinds, and he lays down the tests which the philosophy of common sense has prescribed in the writings of the Scottish school, the tests, namely, of self-evidence, necessity, and catholicity or universality in human beliefs. He divides the cognitive acts of the mind into three species, and adopts as the generic name for them the theological term "convictions." There are the cognitive convictions, which decide immediately that an object exists, not only in relation to our faculties, but independently of them. By our cognitions we know, through sense-perception and self-consciousness, that something in particular exists, has existed, and will continue to exist. In other words, that something has present existence and present permanence. Such cognitions also decide immediately that the thing exists in space or is extended; also that it has power, or is a cause and will produce an effect. All this the intuitive powers of cognition anticipate by their innate nature, and they "look for" and discover all this in special experiences.

Such intuitions precede, both logically and chronologically, all other "convictions." In this the author dissents from Hamilton's doctrine, which supposes a faculty of faith to underlie all our cognitive acts. "Intuitive beliefs" form with him a derived class of "convictions"—not derived from our cognitions logically, but from them as furnishing the materials on which a new class of intuitive powers are brought to bear. Our faith-intuitions have no real objects presented to them. "I hold," says the author, "that know-

ledge, psychologically considered, appears first, and then faith. But around our original cognitions there grows and clusters a body of primitive beliefs, which goes far beyond our personal knowledge." Again he says, "Faith collects round our observational knowledge and even around the conclusions reached by inference." His examples of primitive faiths are our beliefs in the infinity of time and space, and in infinity as an attribute of the nature of the Deity. They are "beliefs gathering round space, time, and the infinite."

The third class of primitive convictions are called "primitive judgments," and have for their objects the relations of the things with which our cognitions are conversant; and they arise from a power in the mind to anticipate, to the extent of looking for, certain necessary relations among objects, such as their necessary relations in space and time, the facts, for example, that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the like.

Such are the author's analysis and description of our primitive convictions, the tests of which are, first, their self-evidence; secondly, and dependent on this, their necessity; and thirdly, their catholicity. Self-evidence is the fact that the conviction exists in our own minds and exists independently of any other facts. Necessity of belief or the irresistible character of the conviction follows, according to the author, from this self-evidence. "I would not," he says, "ground the evidence on the necessity of belief, but I would ascribe the irresistible nature of the conviction to the self-evidence. As the necessity flows from the self-evidence, so it may become a test of it, and a test not difficult of application." Catholicity is also a derivative test, and, "when conjoined with necessity, may determine very readily and precisely whether a conviction be intuitive;" but all these tests "apply directly only to individual convictions. To the generalized expression of them the tests apply only mediately, and on the supposition and condition that the formulae are the proper expression of the spontaneous perceptions." Originally these convictions are laws of the perceptive faculties guiding their action, though not determining their objects. Their objects are really discovered, and the conviction is primarily held, only in respect to particular perceptions or judgments. Generalizations are then made, but they are generalizations "of convictions in our own minds, each of which carries necessity in it." There are, therefore, according to the author, two fundamentally distinct kinds of generalization, and in this respect his doctrine is quite original. Laws or general facts may be derived from an experience, necessarily limited, of facts which are either inferences more or less perfectly drawn from intuitive perceptions, or else facts at which no power of the mind "looks" intuitively, but which find their way into the mind by the force of repeated experiences. These are laws which say nothing about the possible; they only testify of the actual. But the laws which are immediate generalizations from intuitive perceptions and judgments "are of a higher and deeper nature; they are generalizations of convictions carrying necessity with them, and a consequent universality in their very nature."

This is briefly our author's system, which he proceeds to apply to the various problems of metaphysics, such as the reality of cause and substance, and the self, and the external world. In ingenuity this theory appears to us to exceed anything which has come from the Scottish school, and in pliancy it exceeds, we think, any system which has ever been propounded. The extremes of philosophy are avoided by it with surprising agility. If any proposition be laid down as universally true from which logical consequences of a heterodox character are deducible, this system affords the means of modifying the proposition without impairing in any measure the evidence of its universality, since the infallible powers do not testify to the truth of any formula immediately, but only in so far as the formula represents the particular decisions of the mind. If, on the other hand, the "sceptic" calls in question the universality of any truth on the ground that the mind is cognizant only of the particular, or doubts the necessity of a belief on the ground that all experience is of the contingent, our author admits his grounds but denies that his conclusions follow, since universality and necessity do not come from the particulars of contingent experience as such, but from the powers of the mind looking through these into reality, and deciding absolutely only in regard to the particulars.

It is to be regretted, however, that the author does not give us a more explicit account of what he means by such expressions as "primitive particular convictions carrying necessity with them, and a consequent universality in their very nature." In all the definitions of necessity with which we are acquainted, we have nowhere found it extended beyond the facts and the logical consequences of the facts in which it is supposed to exist primitively. That the universal does not follow logically from the particular or from any number of particulars, is what the author strenuously maintains. How, then, do the particulars carry in them the necessity of the universal? for this is what we understand the author's expressions to mean. How unless

* "The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated." By the Rev. James McCosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. New revised edition. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1866. 8vo pp. 444.

it be that the particulars are known simply as instances of the universal, the truth of which we possess as an independent knowledge? But such an independent knowledge of the universal the author as strenuously denies. The universal comes to consciousness, he thinks, only through the particulars, yet not by the way of suggestion or an awakening of a dormant truth, but rather as a fact which the particular contains in itself. It is not, according to the author, from the objects of intuition on one hand, nor from the powers of intuition on the other, that the truth of a universal proposition becomes known. This is obtained by the generalization of particular decisions of the mind. In the general maxim the mind recognizes what it has previously cognized in each and every one of the particular cases. The underived necessity of the particular conviction is somehow translated into the universal truth of the general maxim.

The author probably attaches to the word "necessity" a peculiar sense, as something more than mere cogency of belief, though he nowhere defines it in any other signification. There is a real and important logical distinction involved in this word, which renders the author's theory intelligible enough, though quite a different doctrine from what he intends to set forth. There is a distinction in the logical use of the word necessity, as opposed to contingency, which relates not to the cogency of the belief with which a fact is held, but to the connection of the fact itself with other facts in our experience. When we say that "anything *must be* or *must be so* and so," we mean to express something different from the statement that "this thing *is* or *is so* and so;" yet this difference does not refer to the originality, simplicity, or cogency of our belief in the statement. The copulas *must be* and *cannot be* involve in them universal propositions, though they connect only individual or particular terms. They mean that the truth they predicate is unconditional—is independent of any other facts; that there exists nothing to prevent the thing from being, or being so and so; or that the particular fact does not depend on any conditions which we can suppose from the evidence of experience to be variable. From the particular proposition, "These two straight lines *cannot* enclose a space," may be deduced, through the universality implied in the copula, the universal proposition, "No two straight lines can enclose a space." For "cannot" here means that there are no conditions, or supposable variations of conditions, which will make a closed figure of these two lines. But the evidence on which such a fact rests will be equally good for any other two straight lines, since a change from these to another pair will not affect the conditions on which the truth of the particular case depends. Hence, "no pair of straight lines can enclose a space." This follows from the unconditionality of a particular fact—not from the cogency of our belief in it. This cogency is quite another affair.

By overlooking the universal, which is implied in an unconditional, particular proposition, our author has sought for the origin of the corresponding explicit universal in the character of our particular convictions as mental acts; whereas this character of universality really depends on the relations of particular facts to our experiences generally. We, therefore, come back to the difficulty, still unsolved, as to how we derive universality from a limited experience. Upon this Dr. McCosh lays down the usual dictum of his school. He says that "a *very* wide and uniform experience would justify a general expectation but not a necessary conviction; and this experience is liable to be disturbed at any time by a new occurrence inconsistent with what has been previously known to us." But whence this liability? On what evidence is it supposed? Are we informed of it by an intuition or by experience? If by the former, then we have intuitions about other generalizations than universal ones, which is contrary to our author's theory. If by the latter, then our experience is not uniform, which is contrary to his special hypothesis. As he, therefore, shuts himself off from both these sources of information on the subject, we are left no alternative but to conclude that his statement about the liability of our uniform experiences to be disturbed is wholly gratuitous and a begging of the question. Or perhaps he means that propositions which we do not feel obliged to believe, though not contradicted in our experience, should yet, from their analogy with others which are occasionally contradicted, be regarded as liable to exception. But again we demand, Whence is the force of this analogy? What right have we to draw such a conclusion? Is it not also a virtual begging of the question? For, suppose it true, what the opposite school of philosophy teaches, that there exist certain universal facts, not born into the mind either as innate ideas or as laws of its faculties, but existing as the universal circumstances into which the mind is born. There could be no exceptions to the uniformity of our experience of such facts, even if there were no necessity in our convictions of them; and although, as our author's school believes, we always do have necessary convictions of such facts and of no others, the doctrine must rest, after all, on the evidence of induction—on the observation that the mark of necessity always does attend uncontradicted truths and no others. But the history

of science as well as the discussions of philosophy contradict this induction. "There was a time," says Mr. Mill, "when men of the most cultivated intellects and the most emancipated from the dominion of early prejudice, would not credit the existence of antipodes." Our author, after quoting this example, observes: "I acknowledge that the tests of intuition have often been loosely stated, and that they have also been illegitimately applied, just as the laws of derivative logic have been. But they have seldom or never been put in the ambiguous form in which Mr. Mill understands them, and it is only in such a shape that they could ever be supposed to cover such beliefs as the rejection of the rotundity of the earth. . . . It is not the power of conception, in the sense either of phantasm or notion, that should be used as a test, but it is self-evidence with necessity." He then proceeds to understate the facts of the case thus: "There was a time when even educated men felt a difficulty in *conceiving* the antipodes, because it seemed contrary not to intuition but to their limited experience; but surely no one knowing anything of philosophy or of what he was speaking would have maintained, at any time, that it was self-evident that the earth could not be round." On this we have to observe, in the first place, that the difficulty of conceiving the antipodes was not, as the author appears to think, a difficulty of conceiving the rotundity of the earth, but a difficulty of conceiving men standing on the opposite side of the round earth, without having their feet stuck on, like flies to a ceiling, and this difficulty was such that these philosophers could not be made to *credit* its possibility; in other words, they had one of Dr. McCosh's intuitions on the matter. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who follows the Scottish school in positing belief as a valid and ultimate test of the truths of universals, attempts to explain away this historical example by limiting the test to what is simple and "undecomposable," and he supposes the conception of the antipodes to have been difficult or impossible to the ancients, and the fact to have been incredible, on account of the complexity of the conception. But we suspect the case to have been just the reverse of this. The antipodes were incredible to the ancients because they conceived the fact as a simple and unconditional one, and in contradiction of the equally simple and unconditional fact of their own standing on the earth. And it is because we in modern times are able to resolve both facts into the conditions on which they depend that they are seen not to be contradictory. So long as "down" was conceived as an absolute direction in the universe, dependent on nothing but its own nature, so long were the antipodes incredible and stood in contradiction of as simple, original, and necessary a belief as "that two straight lines cannot enclose a space." In short, the ancients had in this case all the tests which the Scottish school apply as ultimate in the ascertainment of truth.

But what can be more ultimate? What other tests are there? this school demands. Perhaps there are no tests of a general character, or of simple and easy application; but, without awaiting an answer, this school describes all those who oppose them as "sceptics," deniers of truth; whereas what the so-called "sceptics," "idealists," and "sensationalists" deny is only the validity of these tests as ultimate ones. What nobody doubts or calls in question, that, of course, nobody wants a test for, though it may be a useful and instructive exercise in philosophy to generalize the conditions of ultimate credibility. But such conditions are illegitimately used as an appeal from the doubts or questions of philosophy. The Scottish school, half aware of this, commonly describes the opinions and doubts from which they appeal to intuition and common sense as either insincere or as positively wicked, and our author, in particular, regards all the errors and mistakes of philosophers as coming from a perverse will, from their not yielding to their intuitive, heaven-born convictions. He describes his opponents as "opponents of intuitive truth," whereas they only oppose the theory which regards our simplest and most certain convictions as derived from a different source from that which assures us of all else that we know, namely, our experience of the world and of our own thoughts. The "sceptic" does not deny that our knowledges are produced according to laws which may be discovered in them by comparison and generalization, and his doubts and questions about metaphysical truths, such as the relation of cause and effect and the existence of the external world, are doubts and questions, not about the reality of these knowledges, but about the *kind* of reality they have, and this must be determined, he thinks, by the nature of the evidence on which they rest.

The "sceptic" does not deny that many of his beliefs are unconditional or necessary. He only denies that this quality is a proof of their simplicity or originality, and on this account he doubtless holds to them somewhat less wilfully. By necessity he means unconditionality, or that the fact is independent of all other known facts and conditions. Whatever the word necessity means more than this, comes, he thinks, from a rhetorical fervor of assertion; as if one should say, "This *must be so*," meaning that he is *determined* that it shall be so. This sort of self-determination in their convictions

the Scottish school doubtless have, and they are probably correct in not ascribing it to the evidence of experience; but then they are wrong in thinking that it comes from the reason, since, in fact, its real origin is in the will.

The appeal from the "sceptic's" questions to common sense is inept in two important particulars. In the first place, the appeal is an *ignoratio elenchi*, for the questions are not questions of facts but questions of their philosophical explanations; questions of the origin and nature of the facts as knowledges. These have nothing to do with the cogency or simplicity of our beliefs, except to explain them. When the "sceptic" asks why some beliefs are so much more cogent than others, he is accused by this school of doubting whether they really are so, and he is referred for an explanation to the very facts which he seeks to explain. But, in the second place, no discussion is legitimate which appeals to an oracle not acknowledged by both parties. The proper appeal in all disputes is to common principles explicitly announced and understood in the same sense by both disputants. It is common, indeed, in physical investigations to speak of an appeal to experiment or to observation; still, by this is meant, not an appeal from anybody's decision or opinion, but from everybody's ignorance of the facts of the case. The facts in philosophy are so notorious that this sort of appeal is not required. What is sought by the so-called "sceptic" is the nature of the fact, its explanation; and he is not deterred from the enquiry by the seeming simplicity of the fact, but proceeds, like the astronomer, and the physicist, and the naturalist, by framing and verifying hypotheses to reduce the simple seeming to its simpler reality. In this the idealist does not deny that there is an existence properly enough called the external world, but he wishes to ascertain the nature of this reality by studying what the notion of externality really implies; what are the circumstances attending its rise in our thoughts, and its probable growth in our experience. In this research he does not forget that all explanation ultimately rests on the inexplicable; that "there is no appeal from our faculties generally;" he only denies that the present simplicity of a fact in our thoughts is a test of its primitive simplicity in the growth of the mind. For such a test would have deterred the astronomer from questioning the Ptolemaic system and the stability of the earth, or the physicist from calling in question nature's abhorrence of a vacuum.

The oracular deliverances of consciousness, even when consulted by the most approved maxims of interrogation, cannot present a fact in the isolated, untheoretical form which criticism and scientific investigation demand. Philosophers are not the only theorizers. The vulgar, and the philosopher himself as one of them, have certain theoretical prepossessions, natural explanations and classifications of the phenomena which are habitually brought to their notice—such as the apparent movements of the heavens, and the axioms of hourly experience. How are these natural theories to be eliminated? How unless by criticism—by just such criticisms as those of the great "sceptic" Hume? But while the criticisms of Hume awoke the philosopher of Königsberg from his "dogmatic slumber," and gave rise to the greatest philosophical movement of modern times, it appeared to affect the "sceptic's" own countrymen only to plunge them into a profound dogmatic coma. The "sceptic" seemed to these philosophers to deny truth itself, and to demand a proof for everything. "There are truths," says our author, "above probation, but there are none above examination, and the truths above proof are those which bear inspection the best." This is the key to the whole Scottish method. The inspection of truths as to their credibility seems to these thinkers to be the chief business of philosophy. As if truths were on trial for their lives! As if the "sceptic" desired worse of them than their better acquaintance!

An appeal to an oracle silences but does not settle disputes. Principles to start from must be those for which no explanation is supposable. The existence of undisputed and indisputable facts is denied by no philosopher, and every true philosopher seeks for such facts; the "idealists" and the "sensationalists" as well as the rest. But idealism was ever a stumbling-block to the Scottish school, so much so that their intuitions seem to spring directly from an innate inability in the thinkers of that nation to understand this doctrine. They appear unable to distinguish between questions concerning the origin of an idea and a doubt of its reality. It is much as if a Ptolemaic astronomer should accuse a Copernican of denying or ignoring the visible changes in the aspects of the heavens.

The "sceptic" does not doubt peremptorily, but always for cause. He does profess to doubt realities or principles, but only whether certain truths are principles or simple cognitions, and whether they are cognitions having the kind of reality they are vulgarly supposed to have. There would be a sort of grim humor in our author's discussion of "what are we to do to the sceptic?" and what we should and what we should not do for him, were it

not that the discussion is too obviously a serious one. The author does not see that what we ought to do is to try to understand the "sceptic," and what we ought not to do is to misrepresent him.

"Precipitate and incorrect as Hume's conclusion was" concerning the possibility of a science of metaphysics, "yet," says Kant, "it was at least founded on investigation, and this investigation was well worthy that all the best intellects of his time should have united successfully to solve the problem, and, if possible, in the temper in which he proposed it, for from this a total reform of the science must soon have arisen. Only the unpropitious fate of his metaphysic would have it that it should be understood by none. One cannot without a certain feeling of pain see how utterly his adversaries, Reid, Oswald, Beattie, and later Priestley also, missed the point of his problem. By continually taking for granted just what he doubted, but on the other hand proving with vehemence, and what is more, with great indecorum, what it never came into his head to doubt, they so mistook his hint towards improvement that everything remained in the old state, as though nothing had happened."—[*Prolegomena to every Future Metaphysic which can be put forth as a science.* Introduction.]

We will only add that our author has not improved upon his predecessors.

GIFTS PLUS TAXES.*

So far as the object of this work may be learned from its title-page, the pains bestowed might almost seem superfluous. Neither munificence, self-sacrifice, nor patriotism can be denied a people which contributed men by the million and money by the thousand million to maintain the national integrity, in cheerful response to the call of its appointed magistrates. The books of the recruiting-officer and the tax-gatherer would alone refute the charge of sordidness or of a shameful attachment to life. That the country was saved without a single refusal of what was demanded by Government, and without a regret for the cost of safety, is a notorious and sufficient tribute to the American character. The volume before us has another story to tell. It treats not of the army in the field, but of what it rightly calls "the army in reserve"—not of imposts, but of free-will offerings. It traces the history of seventy millions of dollars, a fairly-estimated portion of the never-to-be-known amount which measured the sympathy of those who stayed at home for those who went to the battle.

The record opens with a brief chapter on the private liberality of our Revolutionary grandfathers and grandmothers, and their many personal sacrifices to the struggling cause of independence. Then follows the account of the rise and development of that vast system of co-operation by which, after Sumter fell, the authorities were relieved and supported, and the loyal ranks supplied and cared for, so long as a rebel host remained to dispute the Federal supremacy. It was impossible that the Sanitary Commission should not occupy the chief attention of the historian, since this was the largest and best of the benevolent organizations of the war, and was the most thoroughly popular of all. It satisfied, too, the natural cravings of the friends and kindred of the soldiers to mitigate their hardships, to provide them with comforts, to cheer their spirits with the evidence that they were not forgotten, and to shield them from all the perils to which they were exposed, save those from the enemy himself. When the record deals with recruiting-committees and funds for the families of volunteers, or any undertaking which required subscriptions in money, of course it is the men who are prominent. But the glory of the Sanitary Commission is, as its farewell address acknowledged so gratefully, that its thousand branches were managed, and its most successful schemes for raising means devised and carried out, by the women of the land. Here belong the statistics of those unprecedented fairs which were resorted to when the surplus material for soldiers' clothing had been exhausted, and money was needed to buy the stuff which should keep the hitherto busy fingers still at work. In these extraordinary as well as in their every-day exertions, both spontaneous and both without other than spiritual remuneration, the women were scarcely more admirable for their devotion than for their business energy and practical efficiency. Their achievements make a readable, almost romantic tale, and lighten the long lists of donors and committees which occupy so many pages of the compilation. But they were not alone in filling the treasury of the Commission. Not a day passed, says the record, "without some performance, professional, social, or amateur, some exhibition, some festival, some lecture," of which the proceeds were an offering to the welfare of the soldier. And there were fresher contrivances than fairs for easing the pockets of the com-

* "The Tribute-Book. A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People during the War for the Union. By Frank B. Goodrich." Derby & Miller, New York. 1865.

munity, when it would have shrunk from downright giving. Such was the auction in which every man was a bidder, the majority purchasers, and no man an owner after all! This pleasantry originated in Nevada Territory with a sack of flour which had been the subject of an election wager, and which was sold and re-sold and sold again, travelling hither and yonder on the Pacific coast—sometimes even being simultaneously bid for in two places remote from each other—until it had netted \$63,000 in gold, three blocks of lots valued at \$7,000, and a house and lot, not to mention a few thousands in legal tenders after it had left the mining States. For a complete and careful history of the Commission, the public must, of course, look to a special work commensurate with the magnitude of its subject. Such a one, we understand, is in preparation by Mr. C. J. Stillé, of Philadelphia.

Other instrumentalities are described more briefly: the Christian Commission, the Cooper-Shop Refreshment Saloon, the various Freedmen's Commissions, the Fund for East Tennessee, etc. The money contributed to the relief of Savannah, after the Federal occupation of that city, is also noted, together with the international charity of the *George Grinnold*. Scarcely any form of patriotism or liberality is omitted. We are told how the crops were gathered by wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, where the men had gone, before the grain was ripe, to another harvest from which they might not bring their sickles back. In a little Connecticut village which had raised a fund to promote enlistments, and another to succor the families of the volunteers, the doctor refused pay for his services, the parson forgot the pew-rent when it fell due, and the undertaker's bill was never seen un-receipted. The school teachers of a city conspicuous for its educational institutions relinquished a fixed percentage of their salary during the war. The pilots of this fair harbor made no charge for guiding Government vessels. The costly gifts to our great commanders are put to the general account, which is further swelled by such items as the undrawn salary of Solicitor-General Whiting, the donation of the steamer *Vanderbilt* by him whose name it bore, and the scholarship endowed by General Butler in Phillips Academy for a soldier's son.

To give some idea of the chief component parts of the seventy millions already alluded to, we present the following estimates from the summary: Contributions of the Eastern and Atlantic States, for enlistments and the relief of drafted men, \$15,000,000; Western and Central do., \$13,000,000; in aid of soldiers' families, from both sections, \$4,500,000; cash and supplies through the regular channel of the Sanitary Commission, \$12,971,000; for similar purposes through other channels, \$6,000,000; Western Sanitary Commission, \$4,000,000; Christian Commission, \$4,530,000.

Mr. Goodrich must be allowed to have done his part in a very creditable manner, and to have preserved the "Tribute-Book" from the fate of other similar publications, which vainly hope that their elegant attire will out-balance the mortal dullness of their text. The "Tribute-Book" may be read with pleasure well-nigh from beginning to end, and may rely on being appreciated by the generations which are to come, perhaps quite as much as by the present. The publishers, on their side, have manifestly striven to do their very best, and, so far as paper, type, and binding are concerned, have produced a very rare and unexceptionable volume—not a whit too costly for its precious contents. Of the engravings our praise must be qualified. As a whole, they are poorly printed, and are not remarkable as designs. A part of Mr. Nast's possess the merits of his best, but the frontispiece is inexpressibly cheap and commonplace. Mr. Hopkin's humor appears to advantage in one or two borders. Mr. Fenn's landscapes are the most satisfactory of all the illustrations; for Mr. Hennessey's single drawing is too much marred between the engraver and the printer to be ranked as the very first.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MR. AMBROSE'S LETTERS ON THE REBELLION. By John P. Kennedy. Hurd & Houghton, New York; James S. Waters, Baltimore.

VAGABOND OF VANDYKE BROWN. By William P. Brannan. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.

HISTORY OF THE CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL. By Geo. A. Shufeldt, Jr., Chicago.

GREAT AND GRAVE QUESTIONS FOR AMERICAN POLITICIANS. By Eboracius. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston.

THE SEER. By Leigh Hunt. Two Vols.—POEMS. STUDIES FOR STORIES. SONGS OF SEVEN. By Jean Ingelow.—THE TOUCH OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESCAPE. Illustrated with Original Designs by Alfred Crowquill. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. I.-V.—OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. Part 2. Harper & Brothers, New York.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. [The Cottage Library.] With Illustrations by John Gilbert. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

THE TRIBUTE-BOOK. A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People. By Frank B. Goodrich. Illustrated. Derby & Miller, New York.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND POEMS OF DEVOTION IN THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. With an Introduction by Henry Coppee. Elegantly Illustrated. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. Two Vols.—REPORT OF THE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL. For the Year ending May 30, 1865. Amos Hadley, Concord.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Daniel Defoe. With One Hundred Illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert.—GOOD LITTLE HEARTS. The Metropolitan Fair, Junior; The Bird's Nest Stories; Nelly Rivers' Great Riches; Stories Told in the Wood. By Aunt Fanny. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Part LI. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

THE galleries of the National Academy of Design look better this fall than they did last spring. The walls against which the pictures are hung were stained then a shade nearly approaching to the color of oiled white oak. It was harsh and raw, and did not set off the pictures well. During the summer the authorities have taken thought: the walls behind the pictures are now colored a sort of drab, a soft tint which does not attract the eye. This is as it should be. The walls of a private gallery, where pictures are less crowded together, where each has (or should have) a certain breadth of wall space above it, below it, and on either side, may be darker and richer in color; even a deep maroon flock paper, or, as Mr. Hamerton has it, "pomegranate-colored velvet," will suit them. But in these public galleries, where pictures are of necessity closely set, frame to frame, and where each picture more than usually cared for has its own "shadow-box" lined with the color the artist prefers as a foil to his work, we think it is right to keep the walls as little obtrusive as possible; tint them a neutral color that no one will notice, and so do no harm (if no good) to the pictures. The band of dark red below the oaken moulding that marks "the line," echoed by the narrower band of the same color between the two mouldings high above the pictures, helps the general effect of the room. But we shall never be satisfied with these galleries until there is a great deal of varied color high up about the skylights and in the coved ceilings above the picture-walls. The high wall above the arches of the corridor especially needs color-decoration.

The building, indeed, is not finished inside, as yet. It is a trial to any one who cares for beautiful architecture to go up the great staircase and see the capitals of the arcade, all but one still uncarved, blocks of marble waiting to be vivified. It is to be hoped that money will soon be raised (if that is what is needed) and the building finished. But it may be that Mr. Suydam's money bequest, or the interest on it for some years, is to be applied to this purpose, and that we are only urging what is already resolved on.

In these galleries there is on exhibition a collection of three hundred and seventy-five pictures (more or less, the exact number can only be ascertained by actual count) and fifteen works of sculpture. All these form the exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society. But there are subdivisions which we shall observe. Thus the north gallery is entirely occupied by the pictures, eighty-seven in number, bequeathed by the late James A. Suydam to the Academy of Design. The west gallery is occupied by the contributions of the members of the Artists' Fund Society, and the single "Donation to the Fund" of Miss Edith W. Cook. These are to be sold by auction "on Friday evening, Dec. 29, 1865," presumably the close of the exhibition. The remaining galleries are used for the pictures which are sent for exhibition, most of them loaned by private persons.

Three or four hundred pictures are as many as these galleries can rightly show. We can see now that they were too crowded in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. There is a better chance to look at the pictures now than there was last spring—at least by daylight. By night the light is very insufficient, or else the gas has been turned down to dimness the two evenings we have been in the galleries. In justice to the painters the galleries ought to be closed at sundown, unless the managers are willing to turn on the gas; and they really ought to make this choice. Then, if they should choose to shut the doors at nightfall, nobody could object, for so far there has been but a slim attendance of spectators, and it would be as well to save the gas and fuel.

These fall exhibitions have never been very good. Let us call attention to the fact that they ought not to be compared to the spring exhibitions. The Academy of Design exhibition is of American pictures only, and of pictures that have never been exhibited before. It always represents, therefore

the latest phase of American art; the best work of the previous year of most of the artists of New York and the vicinity. But the Artists' Fund Exhibition takes old and new, American and foreign, good and bad; and rejects nothing, apparently, except water-color drawings, though why it rejects these so uniformly we have never been informed.

There is one great advantage in these autumn exhibitions of this Society: good foreign pictures are by this means brought to the notice of many people who would not see them otherwise. Thus, in this exhibition, No. 91 (though not as fine a Troyon as one or two that are or have been in America); No. 92, "The Greedy Boy," by Edouard Frère; No. 94, "The Forbidden Book," by Kraus; Gérôme's famous "Prayer in the Desert," No. 136; De Jonghe's "Trial of Patience," No. 149; James Tissot's noble picture, "Margaret at the Fountain," No. 187; and De Conwer's charming little painting of a picturesque old building, "Church of St. Nicholas, Breslau;"—these pictures, though of such varied merit, are capable of teaching most American painters, and all American non-painters, a great deal about the art. Now, nearly all these foreign pictures have been seen at Mr. Knoedler's or some other gallery, but there are few persons who have ever seen them there compared with the many who might and should see them at the exhibition of the Artists' Fund. There is, by the way, more reason than usual why every student and lover of art should take the present chance to look carefully at these European pictures. There will be soon, if rumor errs not, an important collection of French and English pictures opened to inspection in New York. As poor men do not care to save money when six-pences are all they can save, but will begin to "lay up" in earnest when once they have a nest-egg so the would be student of European painting can go to work with good courage at these few pictures, in the prospect of the many that are to come.

Let us go into the west gallery, where are exhibited the pictures contributed to the Fund. If, in speaking of these, we fail to compare each with the highest standard of excellence, the only standard to which pictures ought generally to be compared, it is because they make so little pretension to be works of art at all. There are not more than half-a-dozen pictures among these three-score that could for one moment sustain any such comparison. The rest are trifles, evidently of little consideration even with their owners. They are of the nature of things for sale at a "ladies' fair;" their intrinsic value is little; they will all sell and all fetch high prices, because of the purposes to which their price is to be put. And we do not blame any artist for sending his least valuable work to such an exhibition, knowing it will sell as well, next Christmas holidays, as would his best study of the same size in the same frame.

We find four little pictures in this gallery of contributions which it is a pleasure to see. Mr. Guy's "Give Me a Swing," No. 17, has, indeed, nothing to recommend it especially except the naturalness of the little girl's action, but that is a great recommendation in a collection where there is so much stilted affectation as we shall presently find in large and important pictures. It is a pretty little picture, the prettier for most picture-buyers because of the spotlessness of the little girl. It is characteristic of Mr. Guy's children and dogs that dirt will not stick to them, and accordingly they can run and play out-doors uncontaminated. There is a better picture by the same artist in another room. Mr. Homer's "Army Boots," No. 46, is very slight and sketchy, but has a great deal of character in it. That is a wonderful black boy on the left. Both are evidently having their pictures taken, but that fact, which is fatal to nine-tenths of the portraits we see, does not hurt these portraits, because the sitters do not try to "make-believe" unconsciously. Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Not Enough for Two," No. 49, is, on the whole, better than Mr. Homer's picture, and, therefore, best of the contribution pictures; it comes nearer to Mr. Johnson's highest mark than No. 26 does to Mr. Homer's standard, and is full of excellent childish action. Mr. J. R. Gifford's "Green Mountain, Mt. Desert," No. 50, is a pleasant landscape study—still blue sea in the distance dotted with white boats, broad expanse of wild country, a little cove making into the shore—a small picture rapidly and lightly painted, but very probably a study on the spot, and at all events very pleasant to see. With these four we are almost ready to name Mr. Hennessy's "The Picture's Story," No. 23, and after it come Mr. Griswold's two little landscapes, Nos. 3 and 4, and Mr. Warren's "Mackerel Catching." All these are far beneath what their authors can do easily, and they are all, therefore, undeserving of praise, but they call for a word of greeting as being not wholly without merit or interest.

There are two or three pictures of a curious and seldom equalled badness, of a degree of demerit which puts them far below the standard even of contributions to a ladies' fair. In "The Invalid," No. 34, Mr. Louis Lang has reached what would have been thought the lowest depth of bathos, did we not all remember his picture in last spring's exhibition, "Reminiscences of Lake

Mahopac: Ladies Preparing for a Boat-race." This picture would also be thought the worst of the contributions but for the presence among them of Mr. Carter's "Araby's Daughter," No. 25. We shall find Mr. Carter in another gallery with a worse picture than this—because larger. Mr. Rossiter exhibits a "Landscape," No. 5, which is probably as valueless as a landscape can be, having no single merit that a careful examination can discover. And Mr. Benson's "Haying," No. 32, would lead us to advise him, if he would listen to our advice, not to paint any more landscapes until he has begun again at the very beginning, and learned to draw and paint the very simplest bits of landscape detail. His landscape works at present fail to show that he has any of the power or any of the knowledge which a landscape painter needs.

Turning away from the contributed pictures, we find in the other galleries a loan collection of two hundred and thirty more, and, as aforesaid, a few works of sculpture, Mr. Suydam's bequest not being included in our enumeration. It is into this loan collection, of course, that one must look for the strength of the exhibition; and there are a few interesting pictures by American artists, besides the Tissots and Troyons we have named above. But, as a collection, this is one of the worst we remember to have seen. It does not seem worth while to go to the trouble of receiving and hanging these pictures every year, if the resulting show is to be always so poor. Why not abandon the enterprise? Nobody's heart seems to be in it. Nobody seems to be giving thought and attention to the collection as a whole, or to care what sort of "art" he personally contributes to it. The catalogue is an example of the way the whole thing is done. Its badness is the more inexcusable, because the annual N. A. D. catalogue is generally very well got up, and there is no visible cause for hurry in preparing this catalogue; there was no occasion for opening the exhibition last Tuesday evening; there was no need of limiting the time allowed for hanging pictures to the week between the 25th and 31st of October. That it was hurry that has helped spoil the catalogue, is made probable by its late delivery at the galleries, for there was none to be had until the exhibition had been open twenty-four hours; and, when it came at last, it was very badly arranged. The numbers run to 255, then break off and commence with the contributions and run with them to 59, then commence with sculpture at 256 and run to 269, then skip 270 altogether, and take up again the loan-collection of pictures at 271 and finish it. It is crowded with mistakes and typographical errors, and has no index to the artists whose works are on exhibition. The carelessness about the whole undertaking, to which this important part of it bears witness, is inexcusable, and prevents us from conceiving any respect for the concern. Art is worthy of thought, and charity is worthy of thought; if people get up exhibitions of pictures, they should do it well; if people get up charitable enterprises, they should do their best to make them succeed. Here is a combination of both which attracts public attention and asks for public respect, and it should be thoroughly well managed, or else abandoned.

The place of honor in these galleries (which, by the way, was occupied by Mr. Bierstadt's "Yo Semite" picture) is given to "The Triumph of the Cross," by Mr. Emanuel Leutze, numbered 205, and painted, as a vermilion inscription informs us, in 1864. It is, then, Mr. Leutze's latest manner that is represented by this picture. We accept it as such. He has evidently been studying Kaulbach's large pictures, possibly Piloty's pictures as well, as one figure here leads us to infer. He has given an air of novelty to his work; and of a novel gracefulness, however meretricious; and of a novel boldness, however unwarranted. The figures in the foreground are thrown about in attitudes of violent action, as we have never before seen Mr. Leutze's figures. The floating draperies have a specious effectiveness of line and mass, not familiar to us in any of this artist's work. We regard this picture as showing, in many respects, more ability than any of Mr. Leutze's former works, and therefore as more likely to do harm. It shows no improvement in the higher matters of expression and of truthfulness of feeling shown in action. It is as unreal and theoretical as "Washington's Crossing the Delaware." It is as absurdly false in an historical regard as the "Venice Triumphant." It is as incapable of teaching anybody anything or of giving a moment's pleasure as the worst of the Capitol pictures. But it has, what these have but little of, an attractive look, bright colors, "boldness" of drawing, which will pass with many for the boldness of practised knowledge, and varied action in the near foreground that will impress many with the artist's powers of design. We have to fear that this will be a popular picture. And if, as such, it will do half the harm to art that Kaulbach's "Destruction of Jerusalem" has done, or his "Battle of the Huns," we shall have cause enough to regret its existence.

The Alhambra lifts its red towers high on the crest of a hill, whose long slope, at the foot of which the spectator stands, fills the lower half of the

picture. A broad road leads up the hill, dividing into two, and sweeping off to right and left, to unite, probably, at the palace. Where the road divides there is a sort of terrace, called in the catalogue an "esplanade," on which Ferdinand and Isabella, mounted, with their suite, are watching the hurry and the stir on the roads below and on either side of them. For a procession of monks, bearing a huge altar, surmounted by a cross and sacred images, choristers, ecclesiastics of high and low degree, and released Christian captives, is rushing (that is the word) up the hill by the left-hand road, while a wild crowd "of the more bigotted Moors" (to quote the catalogue exactly) are getting off as they best can by that on the right, having carelessly taken a road that will bring them into intermediate contact with the triumphant Christians. That they did not do so, that none of this scene took place as represented, it is easy to see; and the unreality of the main idea is made actual impossibility by the details. Here is a Moorish woman, with a very light and open dress for travelling, whose goods which she takes away are two goats that run beside her, and a kid which she is carrying—easily, it must be confessed. Here is another woman on a mule, halted exactly in the path, and, of course, checking the flight. Here are two stalwart Moors, vigorously tearing their clothes and beating their heads as they run (in the way people run on the stage) down the hill, the explosion of their grief not taking place as they first see the approaching cross, for that has passed, but seeming continuous and likely to last them as far as Africa. It is useless to describe, one by one, the numerous separate absurdities of this pretentious work. It is to be hoped that, in spite of our fears, it may be soon as completely forgotten as it deserves to be.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL TALK.

As a specimen of what good things can be done in the way of concerts, we quote one of the programmes of Mr. Alfred Mellon's "Promenade Concerts" at the Covent Garden Theatre, which he gave frequently during the summer with a band of eighty of the best musicians of London. He devoted special evenings to composers and schools, and had a Beethoven night, a Spohr night, a Mendelssohn night, and an Italian night. The Italian night commenced with Spontini's overture to "Nourmahal," which he brought out when conducting the royal opera at Berlin, the opera being suggested by a ballet called "Lalla Rookh," and the overture being an imitation of Rossini's to "Semiramide." This was followed by the overture to "Guillaume Tell," by Rossini, and by that to "Anacréon ou l'Amour Fugitif," the twenty-fourth work of Cherubini, and produced at the Théâtre Feydeau, in 1803, which long ago became classic. Besides this were Ernst's fantasia for the violin on the "March and Willow Song" in Rossini's "Otello;" the liberty duet from "I Puritani," arranged for the ophicleide and euphonium, with a horn *obligato* accompaniment; the barcarole of Ricci, "Sulla poppa del mio brik," and an aria from "Linda di Chamounix," sung by Carlotta Patti, not to speak of other miscellaneous pieces. On the Mozart night were given the G minor symphony, the little known overture to "La Clemenza di Tito," the piano sonata No. 7 in D, played by Mary Krebs, a German pianiste of growing fame, the adagio from the concerto for the clarinet, the two grand arias of the *Queen of Night* in "Die Zauberflöte," sung by Carlotta Patti, and "Non piu andrai," sung by Ferranti. Concerts such as these are worth imitation.

—We hear from France that Gounod is writing a new opera, in five acts, on the story of "Romeo and Juliet." Three acts are already finished, and are said to be more than equal to "Faust." They contain the duel, the balcony scene, the scene of the grave, an episode with *Friar Lorenzo*, and three love duets. We can scarcely imagine a subject better suited to Gounod's genius than this play of Shakespeare. The opera will be brought out next year. His publisher, Choudens, announces a "Petit Oratorio" as nearly ready, called "Tobias." A psalm of his, "By the Rivers of Babylon," has just been sung at the concerts of the Paris Conservatory. Gounod's operas, other than "Faust," have never met with the success they deserve, principally owing to the librettos. "La Reine de Saba" is, perhaps, an exception. Two beautiful choruses ought to be brought out at some of the concerts here, especially the "Chœur des Sabéennes: Déjà l'aube matinale." This was lately rechristened "Irene," with a changed plot, for the English opera at London, and the whole music, without the voice, was given at the Crystal Palace concerts. "La Nonne Sanglante" contains ballet music superior to that of "Faust," and which will bear favorable comparison with that of "Robert le Diable." "Le Médecin malgré lui" has had a considerable run in the English opera under the name of "The Mock Doctor."

—German papers assert that Berlioz has not only written but printed memoirs of his life, which, however, are not to be given to the public till after

his death. This will be an important work in musical literature. All will remember his "Soirées d'orchestre," where he showed fine critical powers, and his "Voyage musical," describing his studies in Rome, where he would not study at all, in which he displayed a lively sense of the grotesque side of life, and a shrewd use of the pen.

—Berlioz's prediction that Ernst, like Paganini, would make the world talk about him, was long ago fulfilled. Long has he stood the first living master of the violin. For some years he had been out of health, smitten with paralysis, and was sojourning at Nice, where he died on the 8th of October. Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst was born at Brünn, in Moravia, in 1813. He very early obtained admission to the Conservatory of Vienna, where he studied under Mayseder, and became acquainted with Paganini, who befriended and instructed him. In 1830 he visited the Rhine country, and with youthful boldness gave concerts in Paganini's footsteps. His early manner was an imitation of his master's, but he soon struck out a style of his own. Robert Schumann wrote of him years ago: "Ernst, like Paganini, has got the art of pleasing all sections, and winning them to his style at will, for his very versatile talent has enabled him to penetrate and become familiar with all schools. In power of improvisation, also, the most charming talent in a player, he approaches Paganini, which may in some degree be the consequence of his intimate early association with that master. The great Italian magician, on leaving the world of art, confided to Ernst the mysteries of his method, for the study of the mature artist, the emulation of the student, and the delight of all."

—We have also to record the death of another musician, William Vincent Wallace, the composer of "Maritana." The child of a band-master, and born at Waterford, Ireland, in 1815, he early became able to play on every instrument of the orchestra, and was proficient on the clarinet as well as a fine player on the piano and violin. At the age of twelve he was able to lead an orchestra. When eighteen his health broke down, and he went to New South Wales, where he continued for some time engaged in agricultural pursuits. He soon abandoned that, and commenced giving concerts at Sydney, whence he went to India and South America, living a life of even greater adventure than travelling musicians usually do. He fought duels, and was concerned in many intrigues, and even joined a tribe of savages, conforming to all their usages. He returned to England by way of the United States, and brought out there "Maritana," his first opera, with great success. From that time on he was busily at work as a composer, and wrote several operas, "Matilda of Hungary," "Lurlei," "The Maid of Zurich," "Olga," which were performed in England and on the Continent. In 1849 he was commissioned to write an opera for the Grand Opera at Paris, but had hardly commenced the work when he became blind. For the sake of regaining his sight he sailed for Rio Janeiro, and afterwards came here, where he lived for several years. He returned to England about five years ago, but with broken health. For the last year he had been living at Passy, near Paris, but had recently gone to the Pyrenees in the hope of recuperating himself. There he has just died. He married, we believe, a sister of Mr. Robert Stoeckel, of Winter Garden.

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